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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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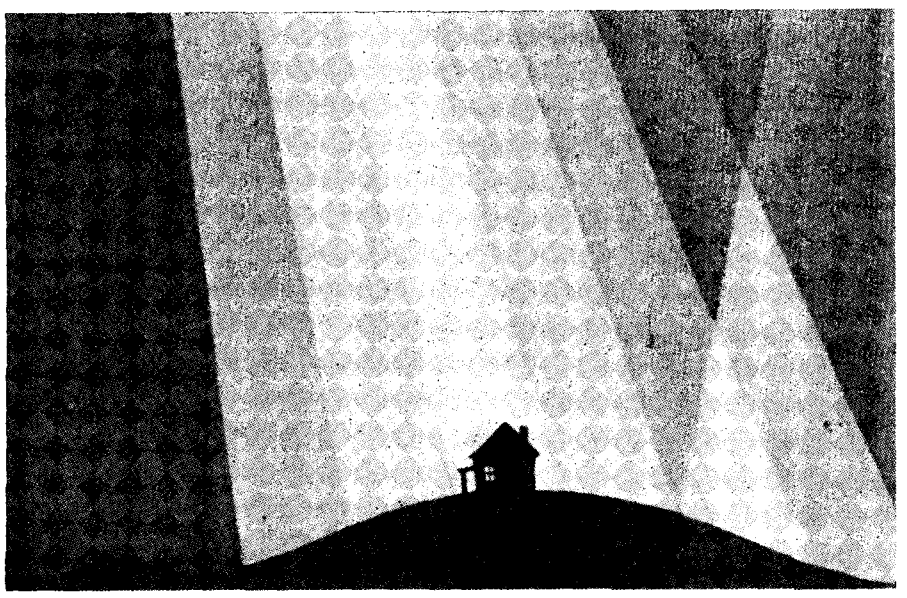

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "LIGHT IN AUGUST."

Sermons in Stones

GOETHE, to the best of our belief, was the only man of letters who knew anything about minerals, and his interest was not nice and particular, but rather an outflowing of his passion for any natural phenomenon which, in the heroic age of science, might help along the Great Explanation. While flowers have bloomed through a million volumes, minerals have had very little work in literature, unless the grossly amateur rubies, emeralds, and diamonds of the detective stories count, as they should not.

It may have been the rarity of fine minerals that has kept them out of imagination, but a shrewder explanation would be the extraordinary unobservance of writers. Keen to detect the slightest human idiosyncrasies, and often sensitive to landscape, they do not (except for the English poets) know one bird from another, generalize in flowers, and see all stones as stone. An ingenious Creator could assemble a satisfactory environment for most of them, especially New Yorkers and Chicagoans, from steel, brick, concrete, excelsior, green paint, artificial flowers, as easily as a stage set. This is one reason why the good average writer fits so comfortably into the foothill section of California, where the elements of the landscape all come by mass production, and a simple (though admittedly impressive) assortment of trees, sky, grass, and rocks, does all the work.

Minerals are different. Their infinite variety is revealed in museums, which conceal, however, their value as symbols, by specializing in innumerable "rare earths" which look like common ones, and in obvious gems or show pieces. There is, for example, the tourmaline (which has had one bad novel written about it). The tourmaline, in its finest specimens, is a perfect symbol of the modern mind. A shaft of striated light, nervous with electricity, grass green at one end, fading to white in the middle, then throbbing to rose, the delicate crystal will conclude in one set of planes at its hither termination and in quite a different set at the other. It obeys laws of chemistry and mathematics so subtle and so seeming contradictory that unity is achieved only through opposition.

Your garnet is even more interesting. Let it mix with mica and quartz, and it will make rocks good for nothing but to

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The Grain of Life

LIGHT IN AUGUST. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THOSE interested in the career of William Faulkner, and they are many, have waited with some concern for the appearance of his next book. They have felt that his earlier stories had shown a powerful grasp upon character and scene, a poetic vision that set him apart from the prosaic realists of the day, but a hurt mind tending with an alarming descent toward morbidity and the macabre. Was he to be another Southerner racked to pieces by his own talents, or a power in American literature?

"Light in August" may not be the final answer, but it is an answer. It is a novel of extraordinary force and insight, incredibly rich in character studies, intensely vivid, rising sometimes to poetry, and filled with that spirit of compassion which saves those who look at life too closely from hardness and despair. If the writing is sometimes as slovenly as at other times it is pointed and brilliant, if there are scenes too macabre, characters in whom fantasy transcends its just limits, and an obscurity, or rather, a turgidity in symbolism which is often annoying, this is merely to say that it is not a perfect work of art. Men of Faulkner's experience and training seldom make of their work one perfect chrysoprase; but there is no reason to suppose with this writer that he will be congenitally unable to shape his imagination into its own best form. He needs self-discipline, and the discipline of study and reading, but he can be trusted to find his own way.

The more so, since Faulkner possesses what so many powerful writers of modern fiction lack, a strong and constant sense for narrative. This novel through all its complexities, and its quiet periods of analysis, drives on like the current of a Spring river, gathering in tributaries as it goes, sweeping through backward curves, but always moving at flood intensity. There is not one plot, there are several; there is, one might almost say, no plot to the novel (was there a plot in "Vanity Fair"?) but a theme, the opposition of those whom life accepts and those whom it rejects, which gathers up all plots, all characters, as it goes.

The composition of the picture is simple in the extreme. A country girl, well ad-

(*Continued on page* 156)

Experience and Art

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN one way or another, the science of esthetics is always concerned with the question of the relationship between literature and life, but esthetics differ widely among themselves as to the nature of that relationship. In the nineteenth century, for example, there was a tendency to believe it extremely close—both in the sense that art was considered as a direct imitation of reality, and in the sense that its function was supposed to consist in its favorable reaction upon the conduct of life. More recently, on the other hand, there has arisen a school of metaphysical critics who would establish art as a separate category; who maintain that only confusion can result from any attempt to relate it by means of psychology or sociology with other human concerns; and who contend that the esthetic experience is one different in *kind* from all others. It is the purpose of this essay to outline the fundamental assumptions of a method which defines the distinguishing characteristics of art while still regarding it as a part of that whole with which philosophy and psychology deal.

To begin with we must consider two things between which philosophy commonly distinguishes and which we may conveniently call "Experience" and "Nature." In the first of these categories is included the whole realm of human perception; in the second, the whole realm of phenomena which occur outside of man; and philosophy is concerned with the traffic which goes on between them.

Though this traffic appears to be both constant and intimate, yet our knowledge of the external world remains purely inferential. Because of the imperfection of our senses and the faultiness of our deductions we are never in perfect or unambiguous contact with anything outside ourselves and we can never hope to form a conception of nature identical with nature herself. But neither, on the other hand, can we ever—as dreamers wish—detach ourselves wholly from the influence of this outside world concerning which we know nothing with surety, and that sense of uncertainty inseparable from the process of living arises out of the necessity of dealing with an imperfectly known reality. We grope through a universe filled with looming shapes and we cannot always distinguish those made of shadow from others more substantial. Life is partly a dream, but it is not *merely* a dream because we are constantly awakened out of that dream into which we tend to fall by contact, often rude enough, with realities independent of our consciousness.

For the purposes of discourse it is usually assumed that man has to do with nothing which is neither nature nor his experience with it, but in this essay we shall discuss a third realm which is called the Realm of Art. Moreover, though this realm includes far more than the sum of the books which have been written, the pictures which have been painted, and the musical scores which have been composed, we may, by considering them alone, get some idea both of the important part played in our lives by our contact with it and of the characteristics which distinguish it from the realm of nature.

This latter never ceases to be in some sense alien. Natural objects and natural events being independent of the human will, exist or take place in accordance with laws which we neither fully comprehend nor fully approve. But in the realm of art everything exists *because* of the activity of this same will. The realm itself was created out of desire and though it may here and there imitate the forms assumed by nature it is controllable by its creators who thus mold it as they will and constitute themselves the architects of a universe independent of the universe of nature. In this one respect it obviously resembles the insubstantial creations of mere revery, and obviously also it is related to dream; but the thing dreamed becomes art, properly so called, only when it assumes something like an independent existence, only when it ceases to be valid for the creator alone and becomes, like nature, capable of being experienced by various individuals for whom a book, a statue, or a picture has become an objective fact—like a natural phenomenon in so far as, existing outside the self, it is capable of being perceived and reacted to; unlike a natural phenomenon in so far as it was created, not by nature, but by a mind which resembles the spectators' own.

Thus the world of art is a mimic world, superficially resembling the natural one but fundamentally quite different. For even when it seems most literally imitative, even when it is most determinedly realistic, it is conceived in accordance with the laws and the limitations of the human mind. In it the emphasis is the emphasis of an unescapable human prejudice; the very order of events is an order logical according to the system of human logic; and the meaning is a meaning humanly comprehensible instead of being, as the meaning of nature may very well be, quite beyond the understanding of man who is only one of nature's innumerable children. Nor can even the most desperately

This Week

WINDY NIGHT.
By JOHN VINCENT HEALY.

"WOMAN."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"THE LITTLE GOLDEN CALF."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ALOYSIUS O'CALLAGHAN."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"NOBODY STARVES."
Reviewed by SETH SINGLETREE.

"GRANDFATHER'S STEPS."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

"BRIEF SEDUCTION OF EVA."
Reviewed by GEOFFREY HELLMAN.

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"ROGER WILLIAMS."
Reviewed by W. B. GERRY.

236 WORDS.
By DON MARQUIS.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

WHAT GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT READS.
By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

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"naturalistic" art escape from this fact for it is, at its most literal, nature passed through human mind, nature probably distorted by desire and nature certainly modified to whatever extent is necessary in order that it may be comprehended by a reason which can operate only within its own limitations. Philosophers may dispute concerning the extent to which the actual universe is a thinkable one but the distinguishing feature of the universe of art is just the fact that it is perfectly and readily thinkable—for the very reason that it came into existence by being thought, that it is everywhere molded by the human mind.

Now if the distinguishing features of the realm of art be those which have just been mentioned, it is evident that the realm is far more extensive than it would seem to be to those who have thought of it as including no more than literature, music, and the plastic arts, for it includes, as a matter of fact, whatever is not found in nature and yet is treated as real. Even the most ardent disciple of any particular religion must admit that all religions except his own are, by the definition just made, works of art; and the most zealous defender of the absolute validity of any particular code of morals must be the first to affirm that all other codes are, in similar fashion, part of the realm of art. All philosophies—including the religious and the moral—are art in the sense that they are interpretations of nature in terms, if not of human desire, then at least of human logic. They are efforts to substitute for her imperfectly perceived and imperfectly comprehended phenomena a humanly understandable and humanly satisfactory conception of them, just as all stories are an attempt to substitute for events an understandable and satisfactory account of them.

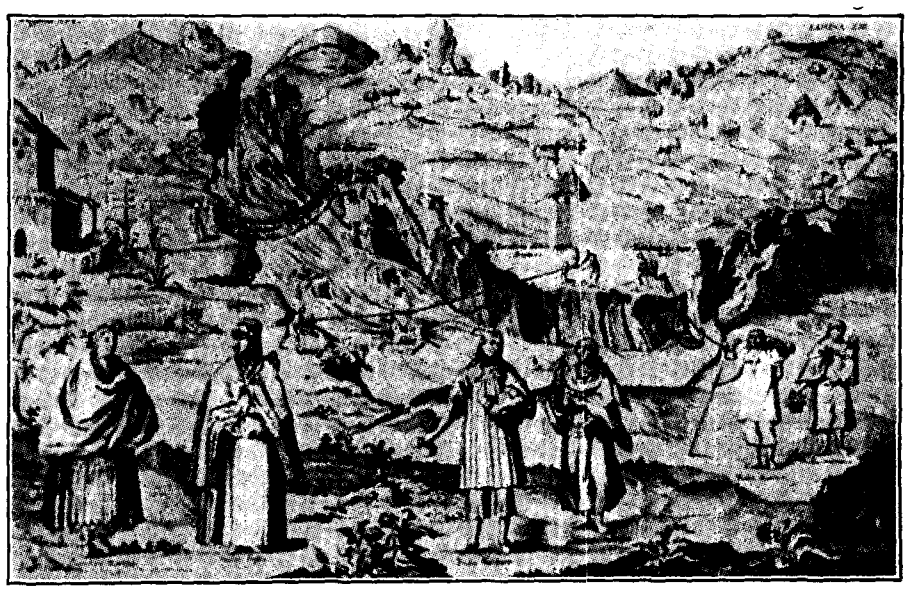
Hence it is obvious that any man living in a civilized society has experiences with art which affect the course of his life hardly less than do his experiences with works of art which constitute the social customs, the economic institutions, and the conceptions of justice accepted in his community. And this, to be sure, suggests one of the chief distinctions between man and the other animals, since man is the animal who can, not only create art, but live by it as well.

But a work of art may be approached from the standpoint of the audience as well as from the standpoint of the creator. If the artist, in his effort to comprehend, substitutes a modified image for a reality, then, we, his audience, gladly accept the one in lieu of the other. And if we thus seek experiences with art it must be because our experiences with nature are in some way defective. Nor is it difficult to observe that these latter must always be defective in one or both of two ways: quantitative and qualitative.

Our experiences are, to consider the first and simplest case by itself, never wide enough. No matter how long or how varied our lives may have been they are inevitably limited. We have not been to all the places nor seen all the sights. Neither have we tasted all the pleasures, endured all the sorrows, or played all the roles. In our more extravagant moments we may wonder what the landscape is like on the far side of the moon or we may long to be able, like Tiresias, to compare the pleasures of the two sexes. Nor have we—even if the fantastic be put aside—realized more than an infinitesimal part of what nature declares possible, and has, indeed, permitted to others like ourselves.

But long before we are conscious of this fact, we have discovered to our delight that we can learn. Language enables us to be told, and the merely didactic takes on some of the characteristics belonging to a work of art when it assumes a vivid directness making the reader half forget, even for a moment, that he is receiving knowledge at second hand, and it would be absurd to deny the name of art to any document which can thus communicate an experience. Among such may be classed not only all the tales of travel and of adventure dear to the immature, but most also of that kind of poetry which was declared by the imagists to be coextensive with poetry itself—that kind, that is to say, which seeks by means of an image to render a sensation present. Thus also some part of the delight which we receive from all novels is the delight of a widening knowledge. Even the greatest owe some of their charm to the fact that they are accepted as vivid but essentially accurate documents—to the fact that from them we are learning about people, places, and manners of which we were ignorant and learning about them by what seems an actual experience.

But, as has already been pointed out, our experience with nature is qualitatively as well as quantitatively defective. And, it may be added, certain of the qualitative defects are gross and obvious, apparent even to those childish minds



CAN THIS PICTURE HAVE INSPIRED "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUISKEY"?
An imaginary landscape, after Juan and Ulloa, from "Fall of the Inca Empire," by Philip Ainsworth Means (Scribners).

they should; virtue is not always rewarded, and the Prince arrives, not in the nick of time, but just too late. Hence the childish intelligence, dissatisfied with the experience afforded by nature, turns to works of art whose creators, willing otherwise, have evolved the happy end.

Moreover, even so elementary a case is more instructive than it might at first sight appear to be, since the child is already immersed in the dubieties of an esthetic experience. He is certainly not confusing nature and art. He knows that the story is a story, and yet he does not, on the other hand, completely isolate the two. That part of the work of art which is accurately imitative has inspired him with a kind of faith in the rest. He is encouraged half to believe that in nature also things generally turn out well, and the tale has made him ready to accept as fact some such monstrous statement as "seek and you shall find" or "I have not seen the good man cut off." Thus that branch of art called literature merges almost insensibly with that branch called religion, for art seldom has its full effect except when its spell is so strong that we instinctively, and for the moment at least, identify it with nature.

And yet useful as such elementary examples may be for the purpose of establishing a point of departure, there is an obvious danger involved in regarding them with too much complacency. They are, after all, very elementary indeed and they sometimes lead the critic, too eager for simplification, into the arms of those psychologists who seek to substitute for the nebulous inconclusiveness of idealistic theories a very limited psychological system adequate only to explain works of literature which either do not rise above the level of the nursery or have their origins in pathological states.

Hence to say that the realm of art is an objective realm differing from the objective realm of nature in that it bears the imprint of human desire; to say that it mimics, not nature herself, but nature as various human minds have hoped her to be; is not to proclaim art uncomplex, but merely to maintain that that "higher

of which nature is an imperfect shadow. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this intricate world of human desires and fears is any less complicated, any less interesting, or any less fertile of possibilities, than it is found to be by those who prefer to use words which suggest that the world of art is something with which human beings come into contact, rather than something which they generate.

Certainly the critic who begins his labors with the assumption that the function of art is to supply the defects, both quantitative and qualitative, of our experience with nature, will not find that he thereby acquires—as certain psychologists seem to have assumed—a mechanical technique to be applied in the analysis of works of art. Doubtless he will not seldom come upon sufficiently obvious things. The protean forms of the Cinderella *motif* will be regularly encountered, so too will be fancies inspired by those maladjustments of man to nature which are simple enough to have received simple names and to be listed in the psychoanalyst's repertory of complexes. But he may finally conclude that of all the maladjustments to nature, the commonest and the most significant is that which consists in being human at all, of having ceased to find food and warmth and safety so nearly all that is required by an organism, that order and logic are looked for.

Doubtless we should prefer, if we could still believe, the childish world with its simple and ever recurring "happy end." But we have learned to recognize that world as glaringly false and we have come to accept gladly—not the chaos of nature as our senses reveal it—but that humanized account which the great artists give, and to which they have contributed a semblance of order, and direction, and logicality even when they have not been able thereby to explain away the specific pains and misfortunes from which individuals have been compelled to suffer.

If, then, our terms be broadly understood, our scheme very easily accommodates—not merely the tales of the nursery and not merely a Poe or a Stendhal—but also and at least those poets like Lucretius, Virgil, Dante, and Milton who have so appropriately been described as "philosophical." In the case of them there is obvious (as there is not, for example, in the case of Shakespeare) a consistent intention to interpret the world in terms of a scheme clearly human by virtue of its logical simplicity. And without unduly straining a point it might be said that Lucretius wanted to banish the terrors of superstition by reducing life to the level of a mechanical accident, or that Dante wanted to construct a cosmology in accord with a conception of justice which had been formed to answer the needs of his particular human temperament. Nor can there be any objection—however incomplete the statement may be—to go the one step further necessary to add that the philosophical poets found the universes they had made more satisfactory to themselves than the universe which was made for them.

As for us, their audience, we enter their work, we experience it for a time, and we share to some extent at least their delight. Doubtless it is not quite so real for

[illegible] possible to them as well as, in part, universally human. And yet (at the very least) so great is the inevitable relief when we exchange the confused world of phenomena for one in which everything is part of an understandable pattern, that we feel in the world made for Dante or the world made for Lucretius a certain sense of being at home which we never feel in the world of nature. We may be very different men from either of them—our experiences, our tastes, and our desires may be poles asunder—but we are, nevertheless, men, and to that extent we are far more like them than like that force (whatever it may be) which rules the external universe. At least the categories of our minds are the same and we can understand one another as no mind can ever understand nature.

Now the very fact that such poets as these explain themselves, the very fact that they state the laws of their universes in explicit terms, has led certain critics to accord them the highest place in the hierarchy of literature and to dismiss as relatively barbarous certain others whose intellectual scheme is less distinctly formulated. Like those eighteenth century commentators who found much "nature" but little "art" in Shakespeare, they tend to estimate the importance of a work of literature in accordance with the extent to which it proclaims the principle of its selection and modification and to relegate to the lowest level those poets who are not "philosophical."

Yet there is an instinct which rebels against such summary evaluations, an instinct which refuses to accept the demonstration that Shakespeare is merely "natural" or barbarous. And that instinct is sound for if it is difficult to deduce a philosophy from his works or from those, let us say, of Chaucer, it is obvious that neither works are, for that reason, not art.

Certainly the world of Hamlet is quite as distinct and quite as easily recognizable as the world of the "Divine Comedy," even if it be, as it certainly is, less easy to define. Entering it we feel—quite as conspicuously as in entering the world of

Windy Night

By JOHN VINCENT HEALY

ALL night I wondered where I would be going
When morning came. All night the dank and dark
wind cried aloud, bitterly blowing
Meaningless with confusion's mindless mark,
Until I thought something has surely gone mad.
And why should I wait for morning—it would be nothing,
But a dull light across the eastern sky,
But a slight mark upon a black heart's loathing,
The more to taunt me, oh, to taunt me by.

But morning came with brilliancy and peace.
The flying plumage of the morning star,
Easing these tangled nerves from their sick fear,
Slowly came out, chastising night to cease
Haranguing every heart to bitter war;
Suppress its windy dark, and my despair.

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Dante—the sense of entering a harmonious universe, of having escaped into a realm where events are not only understandable but somehow consistent one with another. Nothing happens but what, in some obscure way, ought to happen; and there is implied some system of values which does not need to be defined in order that it may be joyfully accepted. In our experiences with nature we discover that the mood evoked by one incident is generally outraged by the next, but in "Hamlet"—as in any great work of art—emotional anticipations are always satisfied and each hunger we are led to feel is immediately fed.

It is by facts such as these that the central mystery of art is suggested and perhaps the poets like Shakespeare and Chaucer are, not lesser than Lucretius and Dante, but greater, for the very reason that they achieve a subtly ordered universe without recourse to an obvious schematization; for the very reason that their worlds retain a suggestion of the rich variety of nature while maintaining some sort of harmony which nature perpetually violates. Certainly it is with them that the critic, as distinguished from either the pure psychologist or the pure philosopher, has to deal, and certainly an esthetic theory must meet its final test in attempting to deal fruitfully with them.

Art, as we have already insisted, is readily thinkable. Thanks to the fact that it has been conceived by a human mind it has been conceived in accordance with the categories of that mind and is interpretable in the terms of its logic. But this same human mind is not merely a thinking machine. It can rarely analyze or reflect without being at the same time compelled to feel, and it is almost as difficult for it to vary the norms of its feeling as to transcend the categories of its understanding. An event may seem to us amusing or pathetic. It may arouse our anger or our pity. But the number of our possible emotions is limited and we feel ill at ease in the presence of any phenomenon which, without leaving us perfectly indifferent, does not evoke any one of the feelings of which we are capable.

The world of nature is replete with such phenomena. Most of the events which take place in it are as emotionally unsatisfactory as they are intellectually incomprehensible. They do not seem either directed toward any rational end or calculated to provoke any unified emotion, and we are tempted to conclude that if any power directs them, then that power must be alien to both our feelings and our understanding. But in the world of art such phenomena do not exist. Since every work of art came into existence by being thought and by being felt every such work is, by consequence, not only readily thinkable but readily feelable as well. Perhaps the order of Shakespeare and the other "poets of barbarism" is such an emotional rather than an intellectual order.

Any attempt to investigate more closely the nature of this "emotional order" would lead us beyond the limits of this preliminary statement, but it is to be hoped that some idea of the kind of investigation proposed has been clearly suggested. The very fact that the more formal works of literature are commonly described as "comedies," "tragedies," "idylls," etc. is sufficient to indicate that we recognize in them an emotional consistency of tone characteristic rather of an experience with art than of an experience with nature, and will serve beside to suggest that some—such consistence is probably one of the distinguishing features of art itself. In it we contemplate a world adjusted to our human limitations—a world which can be adequately understood by the logic of our minds and adequately reacted to in terms of our normal emotions.

Joseph Wood Krutch is dramatic critic and associate editor of the Nation. *He is the author, among other books, of "Edgar Allan Poe—A Study in Genius," and "The Modern Temper." The foregoing article in slightly different form will constitute one of the chapters of his book, "Experience and Art," shortly to be issued by Smith & Haas.*

According to a report from Prague, subscribers to the lending libraries in Czechoslovakia prefer books by English authors to those from any other country.

THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!
A cartoon, by Rollin Kirby, reproduced from "Highlights" (Payson).

Back to Ashtaroth

WOMAN: Theme and Variations. By A. Corbett-Smith. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by Elmer Davis

MAJOR CORBETT-SMITH'S account of woman is in danger of not being appreciated as it deserves. Some of us instinctively distrust a man who writes about Woman, not women; and the distrust may be deepened by the publishers' announcement that he has been engaged in fourteen occupations and has written thirty-five books on twelve different subjects, besides nine musical compositions. With all that to keep him busy, when did he ever have time to find out about women? Yet he assures us that he knows his subject: "I shall account myself a normal man of action rather than a dispassionate observer where Woman is concerned. . . . I have ever sought and enjoyed her society to the full, whether as daughter, lover, comrade, wife, or mother." How does the Major do it? The only possible explanation is that he doesn't play bridge.

Nevertheless, he undoubtedly knows a great deal about women. Most of it, as he admits, has been said before; but usually overballasted with science or pseudo-science, or else vitiated by an eccentric viewpoint. Major Corbett-Smith combines shrewd observation and sound generalization with a thoroughly healthy emotional attitude; "understand Woman to love her better" is his slogan, and even after the Enlightenment of the past two decades his book could be read with profit by every young man who is going to get married, or not married as the case may be. It would be a better book if it were a third as long; the Major says most of what he has to say in his first two chapters and then goes right on. Also, he pauses frequently to give three hearty cheers for himself; but on the whole he deserves them.

There is no mystery about women, he announces; a man who says that he does not understand them merely confesses that he has not had "the energy or the capacity or the time or the interest to study them sufficiently," or else he calls them incomprehensible because he is too vain to recognize their psychological superiority. But the Major, who has energy and capacity and time and interest, readily admits that he has found the key to woman's nature in humility. She is never quite sure of herself, in comparison with other women; but she is well aware of her superiority to man—a superiority due to her "perfect interplay and adjustment of mental and physical forces."

Woman (as such—plenty of women are exceptions) is the embodiment and highest product of Nature, the incarnation of the primitive life force. Man is Nature's enemy, but while he tries "to build up a working code of law, of social convention, of moral suasion, of scientific inquiry, woman remains self-contained, self-sufficing, and aloof." Of woman as of nature the three dominant characteristics are prodigality, healing power, and cruelty. She can spend herself, give herself, without reserve; but what she gives is not really herself after all. Men have risen to the heights or fallen to ruin because of the influence of women; but few women have ever taken men so seriously. Woman's gift for compartmenting her emotions enables her to combine a job with the management of a home better than man can ever do it; it also enables her to completely dissociate the sentimental and the physical in sex relations, when the situation requires it; and to pretend pity and tenderness, because stupid man expects it, when women really never feel those emotions at all.

"Woman's real conception of happiness is what misguided men would term a state of misery"—which only means that women do not like to be bored. Save them from boredom and you keep them alive; whether you call that condition happiness or unhappiness does not much matter; at least the ladies like it. But do not expect her to look at anything as a man does; conscience, like civilization, is a purely masculine invention. Woman lives by expediency; "her morality is unimpeachable—the end is held to justify the means. . . . In a broad sense Woman knows no such thing as 'illicit' love, any more than she recognizes traffic rules of the road as applying to her." Not only love but sex stories, amusing or merely indecent, are of man's life a thing apart; but "woman, the embodiment of sex, may be said to greet the obscene with a cheer."

These scattered excerpts may give you an idea of the Major's view of woman. It is not a new one; three thousand years ago nobody would ever have dreamed that woman in general (there were always exceptions) was anything else. The type was summed up and idealized in the lady who was known as Ashtaroth, or Ishtar, or Aphrodite Pandemos—lover and wife and mother, inexhaustibly fertile and serenely cruel, indispensable because she was life, for body and spirit too. But then came Greek androcracy, and Christian asceticism, and medieval romance, and Victorian sentimentalism, and finally early twentieth-century feminism. The true nature of modern woman has been overlaid with incrustations from all these periods, but you don't have to dig down very far to find that it is there.

What are we going to do with the modern Ashtaroth—incrustations and all? Recognize her for what she is, in the first place; but how to treat her is another matter, and even the Major does not seem to be very confident that he knows the answer. He believes in affairs—"love-friendships" he calls them—which are substantially Judge Lindsay's companionate marriages with the sensible amendment that the state has nothing to do with such relations unless there is a child. Yet marriage, in the Major's view—a true marriage, with children—must always be the highest and most satisfying relation; affairs are only a warming-up practice before the real game begins. But it is hard for a love-friendship to pass into a true marriage, for "the initial psychological outlook is vastly different" when children are not envisaged from the start. This is perfectly true, and it is a consideration commonly overlooked by the advocates of companionate marriage. But how is a young man, when he is first attracted to a woman, to know whether he wants her for three months or for a lifetime?

The Major falls back, at last, on a kind of despairing optimism; somehow, perhaps, the two divisions of the human race will learn to get along with each other. Regarding his own country he feels rather discouraged; modern England is a garden of lovely girls, and there are men enough to marry them; but the women constantly complain that the men have no enterprise. Woman has stepped into the spheres left unoccupied by decadent man, and has succeeded brilliantly in them; but that does not make her think any better of man, or much better of herself. Yet modern man may make modern woman happy if he will only understand her, and work at the job of learning to love her with the cool, scientific detachment that he would apply to any other job that was tremendously difficult and tremendously important; while woman can make man happy simply by being herself.

This seems sound enough; and a reviewer humbly conscious of his ignorance of a topic which Major Corbett-Smith understands so thoroughly is perhaps incompetent to offer any criticism. Still, it does seem that the incrustations should not be forgotten; the modern Ashtaroth is not quite like her ancient prototype; the pre-war feminist movement dragged the pendulum much too far backward, as anybody who was clinging to it knows; yet there was something in the ideas of those days, however the emphasis was misplaced. Women are people, even if they are women first and foremost. But the average male is not in much danger of underemphasizing the civilized and overemphasizing the primitive aspects of his private Ashtaroth, and this book might be a useful corrective. Let him first of all learn how to handle her as a woman, not as an epicene person, and all things else shall be added unto him.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

LIGHT IN AUGUST. By William Faulkner. *Smith & Haas.*
A powerful novel of passion and hate, set in Mississippi.

READING, WRITING AND REMEMBERING. By E. V. Lucas. *Harpers.*
Sprightly memories of special interest to the literary.

POEMS. By T. S. Eliot. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A gathering together of some of the most discussed poems of recent years

This Less Recent Book:

MALAISIE. By Henri Fauconnier. *Macmillan.*
A poignant and moving portrayal of the life of the white man in the tropics.

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The Grain of Life

(*Continued from page* 153)

vanced in pregnancy, is seeking the lover who has promised to marry her. She walks shoeless in the warm dust, or rides in friendly wagons, or stays in half willing houses, confidently, because the life force within her makes her confident. And in all this story of murder, rape, lynching, insanity, and remorse, no one hurts her, no one is anything but kind to her, no misadventure comes near her, and when even she learns that her lover is worthless, a husband and father for her child, who is not worthless, is provided. She moves with the grain of life.

And all that happens in this novel happens along the road of Lena's story. The fire she sees as she approaches Jefferson is destroying the murdered body of a woman, murdered because her indomitable Puritanism overcoming her lust made her deny herself to her lover, and pray for him. Her lover was Christmas, the victim of mixed blood, the half negro trying to be negro, the half white trying to be white, and she was a philanthropist among negroes whose emotions betrayed her. When the hunt for the slayer begins, headed by Lena's empty-headed lover, Lena herself is brought to Christmas's empty cabin for a peaceful accouchement. And she is delivered of her child by the visionary Hightower who, coming to Jefferson because his grandfather had lived a moment of heroism there, had lost his wife and his church in pursuit of a romantic ecstasy. And with her at the birth is the fanatical grandfather of Christmas who thinks himself appointed by God to drive out miscegenation and lechery. And when the ruthless pursuit though life of Christmas by his destiny becomes concrete in an actual chase through backyards and ditches—the manacled victim flying before a youth who has become the symbol of society until he is shot down behind Hightower's table—Lena and her child set out on their way—to Tennessee, or further, what matters—life is with them, not against them.

I shall not try to give a more detailed account of this novel which has the variety of the picaresque and the unity of a "Return of the Native." Byron Bunch, who is to marry Lena, the truckman who sums up the last of the story, the sheriff of Jefferson, Burch the worthless lover, are personality studies, so humorous, so penetrating, and so individual that one welcomes a master of personality. And Hightower, the fanatic grandfather, his macabre and pathetic wife, McEachern who tried to lash the catechism into the boy Christmas whose only moral sensibility was to the problem of his blood, Christmas himself, a tragic figure, are achievements, not so successful as personalities, but impressive, in that different inner world which always lies about and beyond Faulkner's Mississippi, wretched people, rising above their terrors into poetic symbolism, or falling below them into fanaticism and crime.

I note one great difference in this novel of Faulkner's. His hate has changed its course. In "Sanctuary" it was concentrated upon men and women. In "As I Lay Dying" it was the same but mixed with pity and scorn. In "Light in August" it has made place for compassion and has fallen, not upon the people, but the land. Mississippi is hateful—and yet not to Lena. She justifies it, and as the karma that blacks and whites have made there mounts up and over the doomed Christmas, and the widow torn between lust and moralism, and the frightened grandparents who have produced an evil thing, and the romantic Hightower, and the sullen, secretive negroes, the country lives again, becomes possible for human welfare in Lena and her child.

"Light in August" is by any standard a remarkable book. It will puzzle many readers, it will shock many readers, it will terrify many readers if they are honest in their reading. But I think that no one can deny it the praise of life caught in its intensities both good and bad, and, without cheap sentiment or melodrama, made to seem rich, humorous, distressing, thrilling, violent, lovable, disgusting, everything that life is and can be except the imagination of great minds highly touched which does not enter this book.

I think that Faulkner, like the revivalist preachers, overdoes his fantasy. I think that his analysis of destiny crushing the unfortunate and yet not letting the sparrow fall is adulterated by the romanticism of the Fundamentalist preachers he listened to in his youth. This is in a curious fashion a Methodist book. I think that, like all the American writers who deal with the vitalities of American experience, he lacks restraint in both style and incident, probably because he has no precedent for narrative such as his and must make one. But that he is one of the most powerful, vigorous, and interesting writers now practising English prose admits of no doubt. Let the skeptic, alarmed by his violence, or doubtful of his symbolism, compare "Light in August" with the post-Hardy novels of a roughly equivalent English life. There is no comparison in originality, force, and intrinsic imagination—only contrast. This man can go far.

The Rogue Turned Loose

THE LITTLE GOLDEN CALF. Translated from the Russian of ILYA ILF and EUGENE PETROV by CHARLES MALAMUTH. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THIS book recalls Kataev's irresistibly funny "The Embezzlers," published in English here a year or two ago. And it also recalls—although Mr. Lunacharsky, who writes an introduction, and is reminded of the picaresque novels of Spain, doubtless wouldn't like to hitch it to anything so pre-revolutionary as Gogol—the drollery of "Dead Souls." In all three, we have the likable rogue turned loose in the vast spaces, the cultural "darkness" and naivété of Russia, to prey on the society of which he is a part with the bland irresponsibility of a clever Robinson Crusoe among the anthropophagi.

And here, as in "The Embezzlers," much of the fun, and the instinctive sympathy we have for the villainous hero, comes from the fact that the latter represents, in some sort, the sublimation, release, embodiment, or whatever you choose to call it, of more or less basic human instincts which the religion of Bolshevism aims to suppress.

Among such, is the acquisitive instinct, the wish to be rich, in one way or another to "make one's fortune," Cinderella Dick Whittington and his Cat, the-pot-at-the-end-of-the-rainbow, the Alger stories, the Forty-niners, and so on and on—obviously, the thing is bred in the bone. Well, suddenly, in October, 1917, you say good-bye to all that. The instinct, almost as strong and persistent as sex, must be suppressed; morally, because it's wicked; from the point of view of expediency, because even if you did get hold of a lot of money the Government would take it away.

Everybody accepts the new idea, or seems to. We are building a new world, for which everything less important is gladly sacrificed. Poor food; cold, crowded rooms; shoddy clothes, universal discomfort—what do such trifles weigh against ultimate happiness for everyone! The thing becomes a religion, and as such, the most contagious and compelling of fashions. Not to conform is disgraceful, and anyway, infidels are promptly crushed.

This transformation is not only possible. It has been done. The dream of a-house-in-the-country is scrapped. Tractors-for-everybody, the kilowatts of Dnieperstroi, are dreamed about instead. Or so we have been led to believe.

Ostap Ibragimovitch Bender, the great schemer and commander of the Antelopians—so-called from their motor-car, the "Antelope-Gnu"—simply ignored all this. He dreamed of nothing but money, of something for nothing. He disapproved of violence; even picking pockets was crass and distasteful; there must be some "scheme" interposed between himself and the concrete end in view. With this condition fulfilled, all Russia, to any part of which, with the mobility of the most devoted Communist, he was ready to leap at a moment's notice, was his oyster.

Early in the story we see him, with his three satellites, speeding in the borrowed "Antelope-Gnu" some one hundred and fifty kilometres ahead of the great Moscow-Kharkov-Moscow automobile race, "skimming the heavy cream, the light cream, and the other densities of cream that this highly cultured enterprise may yield"—in other words taking the addresses of welcome, the banquets, toasts, free oil, gas, tires, and so on, which the guileless countryfolk shower on what they suppose is the leader of the racing cars.

More complex and subtle ventures follow that, which take us intimately into all sorts of aspects of the NEP and post-NEP economic and industrial life. Ostap combines the dash and confidence of Tartarin with the subtlety of the serpent and a bland Pickwickian humor. He is never at a loss, either for repartee, or a practical way out. And everything that he and the other Antelopians engage in, and all the many types they meet, are set forth with a verve, irony, humor, that continue right through the four hundred pages of the book. It is a trifle long, perhaps, in view of the continuous farcical note, and yet it can't fairly be said that the gifted authors are in the least bit winded.

Ostap gets his million, finally, but it would scarcely do to tell here what happens to him and it. Mr. Lunacharsky, with some pretty ponderous mental contortions, contrives to draw a profound Soviet moral from the book. Ostap is a Gulliver only because he is always seen among the Lilliputians of the dying bourgeois order, the scum of petty philistinism. Set him alongside the real builders, who have to fight this petty philistinism, let him so much as be touched by the gigantic cleansing fires of the Revolution, and he would shrivel down in short order. Ilf and Petrov are only showing, through Ostap and the wretched insects he consorts with, the muck we have to wade through to reach the shores of the promised land.

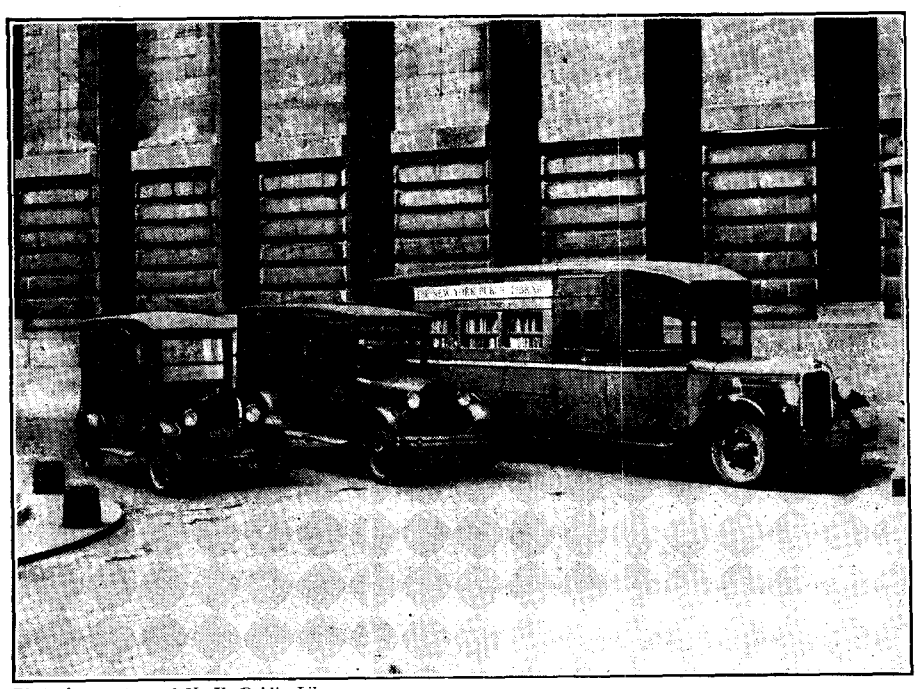

Photo by courtesy of N. Y. Public Library

THREE STAGES IN THE GROWTH OF "PARNASSUS ON WHEELS."

The New York Public Library's new book truck for circulating service in the Bronx overshadows its predecessors.

Sermons in Stones

(*Continued from page* 153)

grind into abrasives. Give it a soft, muddy shale to form in and it will exhaust its energy upon sheer form in intricate combinations of dodecahedrons and trapezohedrons, but lose all color and inner beauty in the effort. Or subject it to the slightest chemical influences from without and, with the tiniest trace of alien element, it will color into cinnamon, rose, emerald green, golden, violet. But let it be crushed in metamorphic rocks until every semblance of crystal is lost and the essential garnet is restricted to transparent color, and one gets those shapeless, pitted nodules of pyrope which cut into gems of a richness that makes the ruby seem cheap.

And there is cyanite. Blue minerals, like pure poetry, are rare, and particularly of that heavenly blue which flowers attain to but painters find so hard to imitate. The turquoise has it, but with an underglint of green that time betrays. The lapis lazuli is a composite. Azurite is too dark, sapphire also, and the light sapphires are watery. But cyanite is sky blue. Its long, thin crystals sheaf through the matrix, with only length for form, but in a broken rock lie like feathers from a phœnix's wing. It will not make gems, it is scarcely a crystal, it is of no utility, but, like a lyric poem, simply is.

For similitudes with the activities of the mind, quartz is the least appreciated of all the mineral analogies. Like a clever journalist making literature, quartz can be false topaz or false diamond. It can adapt to and absorb from its environment, becoming amethyst, agate, chalcedony, onyx, carnelian, jasper, rose quartz, or prase that bubbles over the rock like water over moss. It can make grindstones or flints; or it can take up a ten per cent of water of crystallization and become opal flashing every color; yet not firmly held, for heat it above 100° centigrade and off go water and color both. Yet when an old civilization, like the Chinese, with a deep appreciation of the quality of essentials, carves the pure transparency of quartz itself into globes of quivering light, then one forgets the pseudomorphs and curiosities, the self-conscious agates, the pretentious amethysts, and the ornate chalcedonies.

We have scarcely opened the book of mineralogy. There is the diaspore, so rare and so ugly; the calcite crystal, as limpid as the diamond, until a pin scratches it; the beryl that one tiniest trace of borrowed matter turns into emerald, more valuable than diamond. There are the pseudomorphs which are interesting only because they preserve the form of some earlier mineral that has been eaten away. There is rutile, which by itself moulds into rough, ugly lumps, but shoots in exquisite needles through the sustaining fabric of transparent quartz. There are the mock crosses of staurolite, the flat facility of mica, the radiant whirls of tremolite and natrolite, where stone becomes fabric, the admirable texture of many-colored jade. But the wiser Chinese long since recognized in jade reflections of the qualities of life and have given to it poems and whole books.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Picaresque Tale

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ALOYSIUS O'CALLAGHAN. By T. WASHINGTON METCALFE. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

DOWN every road of melodrama, T. Washington Metcalfe in his new novel "The Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan" carries his picaresque hero from a cradle of fantastic poverty to a grave of equally fantastic wealth. Yet every vivid way is familiar. The book is a collection of adventures as conventional, as sexless, and as incredible as the day dreams of a pre-adolescent boy. Only the mature prose style in which the book is written saves it from an exaggeration almost into burlesque of the tall and ancient tales of high talking wanderers.

At times one reads with a sense that Mr. Metcalfe is a conscious collector of old adventures though occasionally he strikes a strong and individual note in melodrama. Here are reflections from Conrad and Masefield and from Jack London and Robert W. Service. Aloysius O'Callaghan throughout his story seems to be less an individual than a thread for an omnibus of melodramatic tales. His is an adventure story that smells of other books rather than of strange lands and strange seas, but for the lover of pure adventure it is a rich collection.

Mr. Metcalfe carries his hero and his reader from the vivid, drunken poverty and drunken death of Aloysius's Irish-Gypsy parents, through adventures in an Irish stable with grooms and gentlemen and thoroughbred horses, to a voyage on a ship of well-fed hymn-singing sailors. The ship blows up in the Pacific and leaves Aloysius and a lecherous, fat cook hungry on an empty sea in an open boat. The gluttonous glint in the cook's eye grows. After they land on a desert island Aloysius, fleeing from the cook, escapes in a tree while giant cannibals dispatch the cannibalistically-inclined cook. From a schooner abandoned in ghostly order near the island he sails in another open boat into the Pacific to be picked up by a ship carrying a troupe of sideshow freaks from Australia to San Francisco. As Crusoe O'Callaghan he becomes one of them. Then after a bearded lady falls in love with him and kills herself because he does not return her love, he sails to an opera bouffe Central American republic and from there to the same frozen North where Mr. McGrew died for Mr. Service. His adventures bring him back at last to the republic of Santa Anna where the comrades of his old adventurings make entrances in the revolution like the last gathering of the company before the final curtain in a comic opera.

For this crowded story Mr. Metcalfe has gathered a multitude of theatrical characters. Not one of them breathes the breath of life. There are dark villains and reproachless knights and the maidens and the weak to be rescued. The hero himself is perfect after the pattern of the hero of any juvenile adventure story. He is brave, bold, honest, pure, and chivalric but never at any moment in the story a creature of flesh and blood.

There is a strange difference between Mr. Metcalfe's material and his prose. His story moves in conventional pattern even when he is upon his least hackneyed ground. His characters are without exception conventional. Yet Mr. Metcalfe can write. The general technical plan of the book by which both the author and the hero alternately tell the story is well conceived. Mr. Metcalfe's descriptive passages are often full of beauty. His familiar narratives move with vigor. But Mr. Metcalfe's technical facility and his ability to write are in excess of his ability to create credible life. Definitely there is little that is significant about this book. Its selection by the English Book Society cannot give it significance. It remains a juvenile adventure story but it is one which should richly fill the juvenile moments of all readers and lovers of adventure from ten to ninety.

Sir James Barrie is said to intend publishing a new Scottish story before next Christmas.

CATHARINE BRODY.

On the Ragged Edge

NOBODY STARVES. By CATHARINE BRODY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by SETH SINGLETREE

WHEN the jacket proclaims that a novel is "Dreiserian in its wealth of detail but recalling 'Les Miserables' in its deep probing into the heart of tortured humanity" the intending reader will probably thank God that there are only 281 pages of it; but Miss Brody's publishers have done her a poor service in comparing her to the more turgid classics. She has not the faults of Dreiser and Hugo; nor, unfortunately, their virtues. But she has done a good job of reporting on the life of workers in the automobile industry, in good times and bad; it is certainly nothing to be read for selfish pleasure, but if you feel that you ought to know more about what the depression means to people on a really ragged edge, this is a good place to find it.

Bill Redding and Molly Clay lived and worked and became engaged in Trenton; then Bill went to Detroit and got a job, Molly followed him, and they were married; then they went to a one-industry town in up-state Michigan, and here the depression caught up with them. To at least one reader the really horrible part of the book was the life of the Reddings and their friends before the depression; what happened when they lost their jobs and had used up their savings is the sort of thing that might happen to anybody who ran out of money, but the ugliness and aridity of the life of automobile workers in "good times" makes an extremely painful footnote to the history of Coolidge prosperity.

As a reporter, Miss Brody is excellent; she can convey the routine of factory life, the atmosphere of factory workers' homes, the shiny superficiality of their amusements. She manages to reproduce the feelings of a machine tender working at a conveyor belt and she does pretty well with the emotions of men and women who have been out of work for months, who keep on trying hopelessly, who see nothing ahead yet keep going on under some obscure and ancient biological compulsion. Unfortunately, her people are all surface; they exist only in relation to their jobs, come about as near as possible to being that familiar abstraction of bygone classrooms, the Economic Man. Beyond doubt, to factory workers—especially in such an unstable industry as the manufacture of automobiles—the job is the most constantly important thing in life; yet it seems probable that they have personalities, however rudimentary, beyond that, and a novelist must bring out those personalities to make them interesting to the reader. This Miss Brody never does; she makes you see and feel the texture of the life of her characters, but it is the life of people of whom you know nothing but the names. So much really first-rate reporting has gone into the book that it might have been more effective if it had been presented as a study of facts, like the recent surveys of Edmund Wilson and Morris Markey, and not as a novel at all.

Drawingroom Comedy

BRIEF SEDUCTION OF EVA. By MATHILDE EIKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY HELLMAN

TO newspaper readers familiar with the wise and well-paid counsel of such professional comforters of the lovelorn as Dorothy Dix, the situation with which Miss Eiker opens her novel is an old story. A beautiful woman in her thirties has been married for fifteen years to a man some twenty years her senior who, although an excellent provider and a highly successful patent lawyer is, on the rare occasions when you get him by the fireside, a terribly dull fellow. His mind is forever on his law cases and he never remembers to send his wife flowers on her birthday. Belated, remorseful thousand dollar cheques take the place of happy little anniversary theatre parties; under no circumstances does the old curmudgeon tell his wife how lovely she looks. What shall she do?

Miss Dix's usual formula for this situation, you will remember, is to advise the wife to pocket the cheque, realize that not everyone can be demonstrative, and in general make the best of an excellent bargain. But such resignation is not the stuff of which smart drawing-room comedies are made. And "Brief Seduction of Eva" is definitely a smart drawing-room comedy. Eva, the Neglected Wife, pockets all cheques, but, encouraged by her sister-in-law Lyddane, tries to arouse Frederick, whose Fact of Life she is, by a little outside flirtation. The remarkable proportions which this extra-curriculum activity assumes, carrying as it does the conscientious Eva into an elopement from which she speedily returns to lecture her husband for not having pursued her, is a source of continual wonder to Lyddane, the reader, and, one suspects, Eva too.

In the sustained deftness with which she handles the piquant situation arising from her heroine's plunge into intrigue, and in the apt classical allusions with which she embellishes her descriptions of what might otherwise be just plain family rows, Miss Eiker rises above most drawing-room chroniclers. Her analysis of human motivation is minute, feminine, and acute. Especially bright are the effects which she achieves by playing off Eva,

MATHILDE EIKER.

beautiful but dumb, and Frederick, successful but dumb, against shrewd, intelligent Lyddane, arch-type of the merry widow who, in the absence of such interests as children or stamp-collecting, spends all her time putting her finger in other people's pies. Her account of the meaningful glances which under the noses of three unsuspecting males, the two women are continually casting at one another (no woman, even Eva, is too dumb to cast a meaningful glance) shows an insight into feminine psychology which no male author could hope to have.

"Brief Seduction of Eva" is an exceptionally entertaining book, clever rather than witty, penetrating rather than profound; it would, I think, make an excellent play. Only when it strays from the field of domestic and extra-domestic satire into the bypaths of sentiment does it become unconvincing. The occasional change in mood from Eva's sulks and Frederick's *faux pas* to poetic sunsets and genuine protestations of love finds the reader, his ear attuned to epigram, a trifle incredulous.

Mixed Inheritance

GRANDFATHER'S STEPS. By JOAN HASLIP. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

THIS book is mannered beyond our present taste, which prefers the casual Hemingwayan phrase to a chapter of carven periods by Meredith or Stevenson. We like to think we have got past fiddling with "style" and "distinction," and a young writer plainly occupied with niceties and nuances of expression must be suspect, more or less. Let us be generous: all artists are not of a piece, even literary artists. This one is feeling toward a finer medium than the vernacular will yield offhand. She deliberately pursues what William Watson calls Pencraft, with its "scriptive" beauties as distinguished from merely the "loquitive" merits of common speech at its best. She is not content to improvise or to seek an effect of improvisation. Her ear is full of a literature that at least did not spring from newspaper offices and hall rooms or ask to be read in smokers and subways. Her style, oddly enough, suggests the limpid flow of George Moore and not the elaborate sonority of George Meredith, whose granddaughter she chances to be.

Her tale is of a girl who has to find her path through a tangle of impulses and inhibitions springing from a much mixed inheritance. Her father is an Italian Marchese, an apparently pure exemplar of his race and class, with no virtues or vices beyond what belong to his type and métier. He marries a very British Lilian, cool and self-contained, well enough able to accept the conventions of her husband's world. But other strains come to life in their daughter Gioia, who is but two generations from Poland on her father's side and from Ireland on her mother's. The Marchese's mother lives with the Rincatis in Florence, but never loses touch with the family of Polish nobles from which she springs. They as well as she have their place in Gioia's childhood. But Lilian's father is a more important influence; as a baby Gioia falls under his spell; a Bohemian Irishman and poet, survivor of the late-Victorian romantics. He has lived in Italy for many years, but always in the untidy and bibulous fashion cultivated by the London decadents of the early 'nineties. His daughter Lilian has married mainly to escape this atmosphere, and has found safety if not active happiness in the tight family circle of the Rincatis at Florence. But her child Gioia becomes the battleground of four racial strains, and the question is which of them is going to get the upper hand in the end. There, of course, is our story, and it is well worth hearing.

Still another racial element comes into the tale, in the person of Julius Adler, son of a Galician Jew who had gone to America from his native Ghetto in Cracow, quite near the estates of the old Marchese's family. Julius is a charming fellow, with all the good of his race in him; a theatrical manager and a genius whose accepted position in New York has made the accident of his birth seem negligible. But when Gioia and he fall in love, the world is bound to interfere for better or worse. Julius is almost incredibly virtuous, and it is his virtue rather than anything else that parts them. It is an ambitious piece of work, this book: we won't say pretentious, for its total effect is good. But its largeness of scene and complexity of theme are beyond the mastery of a young hand. For all its worldly sophistication and its cosmopolitan range, not the least of its charms for a middle-aged reader is a certain breathless ingenuousness, as of a *jeune fille* being awfully intelligent about passion and all that.

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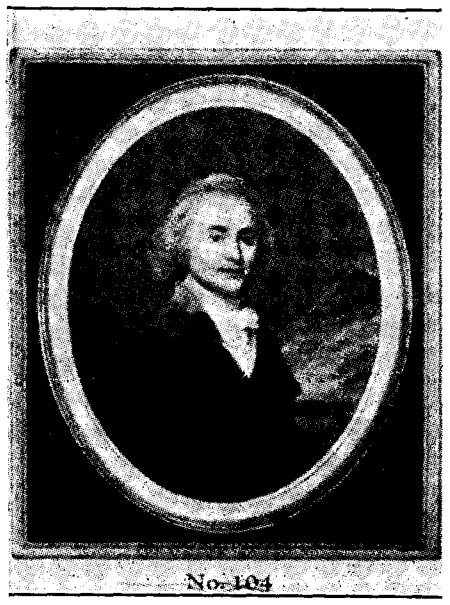
Greatest of His Line

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS: "OLD MAN ELOQUENT." By Bennett Champ Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

MR. CLARK—the son of the late Speaker, and himself a candidate this year in Missouri for the United States Senate—has chosen at once one of the most attractive and most difficult subjects in American biography. John Quincy Adams was unquestionably the greatest of the Adams line. His father possessed equal strength of character and intellect: he lived in the more critical era of the Revolution; but he was a self-made man, and in many ways always showed a resulting narrowness. John Quincy Adams, with every advantage of foreign training and travel, was one of the most versatile Americans of his time. He was a classical scholar, a professor of rhetoric, an amateur scientist, a connoisseur of the arts and indefatigable versifier, as well as a statesman. His judgment and self-restraint were perhaps not equal to those of his son, Charles Francis Adams; but in the balance of his intellectual, esthetic, and moral qualities, and in his intensity and elevation, he surpassed all the others. He certainly had also the most remarkable career of the line. After diplomacy, the Senate, the Secretaryship of State, the Presidency itself, there came not the



A COPLEY PORTRAIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

anti-climax of John Adams's empty last days, but the crowning glory of his heroic service in the House and his death in the seat from which he had won his unforgettable victory for the right of free petition.

The biographer of John Quincy Adams has therefore not only a heroic theme, but a forbiddingly complex theme. He must draw one of the richest, most intricate, most tempestuous, and contradictory of our public characters; he must deal with a man full of idiosyncrasies, anfractuosities, and quarreling emotions; he must take up a dismaying array of avocations—heroic poems, astronomical observatories, museums, Latin translations, architectural commentaries, and what not. All this is apart from the central theme of Adams's crowded public career. Here there is material for a volume in his diplomatic ventures and Senatorship; another in the Secretaryship of State and Presidency; and a third in his Congressional years. There exists a library of memorabilia—the magnificent diary, the serried writings edited by Worthington C. Ford, the histories, the Congressional speeches. Doubtless many a would-be biographer has been tempted. But since Seward, Josiah Quincy, and John T. Morse, none but Mr. Clark has had valor to press forward.

Mr. Clark's book is both the fullest and the best that we have on Adams. He has used materials that Mr. Morse could not command; he has cast his narrative on an ampler scale; he has written more critically. The part of his task which is best performed is his history of Adams's public life. Of this he gives a condensed, energetic, well-balanced, and sometimes vivid account. It is based on source materials in print and on secondary works, showing no original research in untouched or ill-worked fields; but it is improbable that such research would have added much. There is but one omission of much consequence; we miss the full story of Adams's famous report on weights and measures, of which his grandson Brooks wrote so eloquently. We miss also a few touches in the dramatic account of Adams's election to the Presidency which might well have been supplied from Nathan Sargent's reminiscences. But on the whole the record is full, clear, and incisive. The author, though a good Jeffersonian Democrat, shows a commendable sympathy for his subject. He sometimes even refrains from criticizing Adams when criticism would have been quite justifiable. Thus in treating the great peace conference at Ghent which closed the War of 1812, he might have emphasized more strongly the indispensable work done by Gallatin in calming Adams's outbursts, moderating his conflicts with Clay and the British commissioners, and holding him to reason. Again, he gives Adams his full share of credit for the Monroe Doctrine; but he does not indicate quite so firmly the probable share due to Monroe.

In the second part of his task, the portrayal of Adams's character, Mr. Clark is sound, clear, and interesting, but his work lacks brilliancy and depth. This was the most challenging part of his undertaking. He would have met the challenge better had he merely drawn more fully on the diary and the letters. In these Adams left his own portraiture. His thirst for learning, turning sometimes to pedantry in his absorption of minute information; his insatiable curiosity, ranging from the study of French pauperism to Gray's analysis of Plato; his indefatigable temper, shown when he read "Paradise Lost" ten times (before thirty) to discover the beauty that others found but he could not; his lack of humor, so total that he never saw the fun of the mishap which made him swim the Potomac in hat and shirt; his fits of melancholy, which led him repeatedly to declare his "character and reputation a wreck," to say that his sun had "set in gloom"; his waspishness, that led him to call Jefferson a liar, Clay a gamester in public and private affairs, Randolph a drunkard, Crawford a traitorous worm; his ability when wrought to the highest pitch of anger to keep his wits about him and his brain working with increased clearness; his eloquence—not of manner or rhetoric, but of weighty and incisive sense; his unapproached skill in invective and sarcasm; his solitariness of temper, leading him to make so many enemies and so few friends that in his last years he moved in a state of constant hostility to almost the whole world; his incapacity for attracting followers or forming a party; his tremendous force when aroused—all this makes him a fascinating study. His own incisive pen furnishes many a salty phrase for the depiction of the man. Mr. Clark has made much of his personality, more than any predecessor. But he might have gone still deeper and given a still more arresting portrait.

. . . Some of these days I am going to publish a book entitled: *Hell and How and get There.*

It will be a manual and guide book, with maps and other information for those interested . . . as so many of us are.

All the hells will be included; Dante's hell, and Swedenborg's hell, and all the hells of all denominations and sects of all churches. The field of research is so vast, and the work of compiling materials is so great, that it may take us a dozen years more to get a good start on the book, let alone finishing it, in fact, we may quit the research work any time, and simply invent all the details we haven't looked up.

But one thought comes to me again and again, as I collect material: It is getting a good deal harder to go to hell than it used to be.

It would surprise you how easy it has been in various times and places in the past.

But now a person has to try and try and try to get in. Once you could assure yourself of a permanent future by merely thumbing your nose at some received authority. Going to hell was as easy in the old times as going to the hoosegow. Now it takes persistent effort and spectacular crime.

Are we to argue from this that the human race is getting better, or worse?

Don Marquis

New England Firebrand

ROGER WILLIAMS. By James Ernst. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by W. H. Gerry

OF all biographies of Roger Williams to date none has been definitive, the relentless shaking of years having precipitated bias, inaccuracy, or lack of completeness. Mr. Ernst presents, in truth, a "first full-length biography of 'the New England Firebrand' " but only moves nearer, without achieving, the definitive work. That his becomes the best biography of Roger Williams now in existence, a capable, meticulous, and intelligent study, is one thing; that it could have been better is another. The final and definitive biography of the founder of Providence will have greater amplification of contemporary background both in regard to Old and New England (a respect in which the biography by Emily Easton exceeds the present work), will be more replete and more fully annotated in regard to quotation, will contain the numerous authentic and available illustrations which we miss here, and will possess a bibliography. In short, the mere page length needed to state and interpret fully the life and precepts of this great political, social, and religious pioneer in relation to his own and modern generations would mean a two volume edition. And it would be justified.

In the present work the author has continued his primary interest in the political tenets and influence of Williams, leaving emphasis upon these while presenting a detailed and academic exposition of the "firebrand's" life and his social and religious beliefs. Such emphasis is needed, for it has not yet penetrated the American or British consciousness that this outcast from Massachusetts, this man with a "windmill" in his head, this revolutionist, pioneer, transcendentalist, missionary, diplomat, linguist, trader, and scholar, is the Atlas upon whose shoulders rest the principles of Paine, Jefferson, Emerson, and the whole structure of the American and subsequent world democracies. That the letter of his precepts has not yet been attained is but proof that his theories are still beyond the comprehension and capability of modern society just as they were beyond full attainment by his own colony, the "lively experiment" at Providence. Like Emerson he saw his disciples warping his principles blindly to fit their own bigotries and like Emerson was reviled as a traitor when he could not approve. Though following chronology in the main, Mr. Ernst turns in his stride to devote full chapters to a discussion of principles he has already introduced, examining and interpreting Williams's insistence on separation of church and state, his declarations of the rights and responsibilities of man and citizen, and his religious beliefs as a Seeker.

There is not space enough for us to analyze this biography as we should prefer. Its chief virtues are: first, its scholarly wealth of detail in regard to Williams's childhood, courtship, and marriage, education, associations and friendships, life among the Indians, and relationships with the members of his own and conflicting colonies; second, its clear tracing of the reasons for Williams's keen understanding of social, political, and legal problems and his great influence at home and abroad (this all being the result of heredity and environmental gentility gleaned in England); and, lastly, its excellent emphasis and analysis of Williams's political, religious, and social theories in their relationship to contemporary and modern society. Its faults lie in its failure to explain the important point that Williams's theory of freedom of conscience did not conflict with the right to persuasive argument; its tendency to abbreviate quotations thereby losing much of their flavor and continuity (the letters to Lady Barrington are examples); its shortcomings in contemporary background and various homely but endearing details of Williams's daily life (a respect in which Emily Easton's biography is superior), its lack of illustrations that would have augmented interest (pictures of Charterhouse School, Pembroke College, maps of Old London and newly settled Providence, and reproductions of the quaint wordings on the title pages of "The Bloody Tenant" and "George Fox Digg'd Out of His Burrowes"); and its lack of either a list of sources or full bibliography.

However, though its prose has neither the imagination or fire of a Van Wyck Brooks's biography, its style is solid, its conclusions intelligent, and its facts accurate. It is all in all the best study there is

STATUE OF ROGER WILLIAMS IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

of that "transcendentalist" Roger Williams. It is a book worth the study of all political theorists of the present and even more of the average man who, fortunately, may be influenced thereby. It proves only the more conclusively the greatness of Roger Williams over and above the more heralded Americans, secure in traditional esteem.

Osbert Burdett has been writing in *John o'London's Weekly*. We quote the following passages from his article:

"The art of approach is the secret of human intercourse, and in England people always meet over a meal in order that discussion shall be smoothed by the sacred pleasures of the table, preferably over dinner so that we need not hurry over the wine. Thomas Walker, the classic author of the "English Art of Dining," perfectly understood what the ritual should be, and the bliss of postprandial calm has been well compared to the bliss that passes understanding. Food and wine are the cradles of conversation, and, once dinner is over, the Author in congenial company may, with no or little urging, descend into the presence of the Man."

"Clearly a person of narrow experience, of relatively small imagination, if he had the art of using *all* the materials at his command, would still have vast resources and might be a literary genius."

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The Bowling Green

Human Being

XXXVII. THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

I HAD a little glimpse once of Show Business from the inside, said Hubbard. Yes. I know its' a chancy affair; I remember that excellent line in the Bible about Saint Paul—when his friends "sent unto him desiring that he would not adventure himself in the theatre." But anyone who's ever been in it must get homesick for it sometimes. I hate to think that probably I'll never again hear the stage manager make his round of the dressing rooms before the performance. "Half an hour, folks; half an hour!" I was lucky; I had a small interest in a musical comedy that did well; I had the fun of watching and none of the responsibility. I had back-stage privileges and I never grew weary of dropping in to see things from behind. In an uncomprehending way I grew familiar with some of the moods and tricks of that difficult profession. I remember how puzzled I used to be by the stage manager's habit of shaking the edge of the curtain after it had come down, sending a ripple across the canvas. When it trembles like that the audience think it's going up again for another call: if it's done at exactly the right instant it revives the applause. I loved the little peep-hole, stained by grease-paint rubbed from the brows of innumerable actors as they gazed out and estimated the house. There was much I never did understand; the complicated ropes and lashings, for instance, intricate as the rigging of a sailing ship; once I was nearly hit by a sand-bag that fell down accidentally from the flies. I'd have been killed by it, I dare say, except that I had in my pocket a rabbit's foot one of the company had given me. I used to hear delicious technical talk about wood-wings and ground-rows, baby spots and effect machines, tormentors and teasers. Do you know what a tormentor is? It's a small wing at the side of the stage directly behind the proscenium arch. In the old days it was usually painted to represent a pillar or a drapery—it "tormented" the audience by preventing them from seeing what they shouldn't—which was very often me. That was my chosen spot for watching the show.

And as I was an accountant I saw something of the business side too. The other fellows in the syndicate appointed me to check up with the management. I mention all this only to explain that when Minnie finally let me look over that bundle of papers, relics of Richard's connection with the theatre, I could visualize some of the story. It's long ago—nearly twenty-five years, I guess; even the theatre itself has disappeared. But I was able to run down one or two people who played there at that time. I saw in Richard's statements that Bruce Bealings was on their payroll for small parts at $25 a week. How he would hate to be reminded of it now. But he was very decent, had me up to his apartment on Park Avenue, and we went through old playbills in his scrapbook. Why are fashionable actors so fond of suits of armour? He has one on each side of his fireplace. I thought it was just swank, but he showed me that they really are useful: he likes to take a pose on the big raised hearth, and flicks his cigar ashes into the visor. Actors are great gossips and he gave me a lot of chat. Mrs. Geschwindt helped to fill in the chinks.—Idyll in a Box Office, I call it.

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The Box Office is a little world of its own. It is close to bohemia yet not itself bohemian. Exposed on one side to the myriad humors and crotchets of the public, on the other to the equally surprising vagaries of the actors, there is every necessity for its instinct of wary alertness. An old box office man perhaps more than anyone else is inured to humanity's endless ruses and stratagems. He knows how many ingenious pleas there are for crashing the gate; for complaining of injuries, insults, draughts, disappointments; for desiring the front seats—usually by pretence of deafness. He knows how many excellent reasons an actor may have for needing to draw salary in advance. To all these varied problems he must return conciliation and tact. Surrounded nightly by laughter and applause, he rarely has a chance to see the play himself. By the time the count-up is verified and his statement prepared, he is fit chiefly for bed. It is not surprising that in any experienced theatre treasurer you will note that subtle air of cautious vigilance, ready for anything, as he leans toward the wicket. But what a training for a salesman: perhaps it was Richard Roe's experience at Humbert Galloway's old theatre that equipped him to make good in later affairs.

There was every reason why that box office needed to be specially correct, for Galloway himself, a showman of the older school, was negligent about business trifles. Moreover since he was manager, director, and heavy lead, he did not have much time to spare for the Front of the House, as the box office is always known. Those were the palmy days of the stock companies. Galloway ran a shrewd alternation of melodramas and farces, with an occasional interlude of Shakespeare to keep his larynx supple. When he came into the little box office to look over the advance sales he loomed enormous; it was an experience to hear him answer the telephone. His resonant "This is Humbert Galloway speaking" always gave Richard a tingle. There were those who said that his first name was really Humbug, but they enjoyed him no less. Once an irreverent musician playing drums in the orchestra could endure Galloway's mannerisms no longer. When the old trouper had to do a dramatic death-scene on the stage, as he collapsed the drummer gave him a roll-and-cymbal crash; one of those flourishes that go RRRRRRRRRRR—ZING! as in burlesque. When Mr. Galloway looked for him after the curtain that drummer was gone, and never heard of again.

But the young house-manager had the greatest respect for his employer, in whom he saw incarnated the dignity and glamor of the other-world of art. He was secretly a little in awe of all the actors, never ventured to mingle with them in their small green-room, and almost felt he was taking a liberty when he went the rounds backstage at Saturday matinees to pass out the pay-envelopes. More than once, in bad weeks or when the impresario himself had raided the till with his beaming air (those huge white manicured hands never looked so large as when they approached the cash drawer) Richard made up someone's envelope out of his own pocket. These were artists, he said to himself; it was a privilege for him to be working for so idealistic an enterprise. Besides, Mr. Galloway was the boss, and an imposing figure from his gray shaggy head to his enormous spats. He had a disconcerting habit of trying out his voice at unexpected moments. When the afternoon rehearsal broke he might be heard rumbling up the aisle toward the box office, experimenting a second-balcony barytone in Shakespearean tags: *"And when he falls*—hem, hem, *he falls like Lucifer*—hum, harrumph—Sorry, my boy, I shall have to have a little money—*Never to rise again*—Yes, my IOU of course—a little short this week? Let me have a memorandum of exactly how we stand—No, no, not this moment; I'm just going out to dinner."

Galloway thriftily kept his theatre under-staffed. Richard really combined two jobs: treasurer and house-manager. The care of a theatre is work that is never finished: it is really housekeeping for a thousand people, and requires perpetual vigil. Perhaps that was why he was glad to spend his later years in an apartment-house, which so simplifies the detail of living. But to those who are sensitive to the mysterious charm of theatres there is a queer satisfaction even in the humble chores. Richard never forgot the pleasure of his morning inspections, when the house was cleaned for the day. The great dim auditorium, with white invasions of daylight where the fire-doors were open to the air, smelled faintly of disinfectant. From behind the balcony came a soft chatter of typewriter where Mr. Galloway's secretary, in a room panelled with photographs of the great man in his favorite roles, attended to his correspondence. In the box office Lucy Geschwindt was at the morning routine—shifting the tickets from the advance rack to the daily rack; taking reservations over the phone; if business was slow, considering how to dress the house for tonight. This was Richard's time to see that everything was in order. How much there was to think of. Run a hand over the edge of every seat to make sure that no nails have worked loose to tear clothes. Examine the stair carpet to see there are no occasions of stumbling, no trodden gobs of chewing gum. From furnace to chandelier, from fire-escapes to lavatories, from front steps to dressing-room mirrors, is the house manager's care—save only the stage. There he has no concern.

Fascinating tasks! If the house is crowded, warn the janitor to cut down steam, for the audience will keep itself warm by its own radiation. If a bulb goes dead in the marquee, see that the doorman gets out his tall ladder and replaces it. (Richard was one of the first to think of the long pole with a spring-clip to hold the bulb, which saves the trouble of the ladder.) If one of the ushers happens to be a heavy-footed wench, teach her not to go pounding down the aisle, after the curtain has risen, with a tread that reverberates the floor. Someone comes to the window just as the show begins; his wife has a toothache and he won't use these four seats tonight. May he have the money back?—Ice in the water-coolers, candy in the slot machines, polish for the brass orchestra-railing, first-aid packets for accidents, soap in the washrooms, and be watchful to erase any legend scribbled on the wall by the mohocks of Fourteenth Street—lowly but necessary parts of the illusion that begins when the foot of the curtain brightens. It's not safe to neglect anything. There was the dreadful day when a skylight leaked, and a steady drip came down on the dean of New York critics.

While he supervised these matters, the blonde girl in the box office was a great help. She was pretty and capable. Sometimes Richard thought she was a trifle more stage-struck than is desirable in the box-office: during the progress of the show, she would open the door a crack and peep out to see what was happening on the stage. She envied the players and naively copied the jargon and clothes of the women. But she was young and surrounded by a world of make-believe. It was a long time before he learned that she came from Hoboken. One day she apologized for being late, explaining that there was a fog on the river. "What were you doing on the river?" he asked in surprise. Thus the innocent secret was out; but Lucy was always sensitive to fancied social divisions. She begged him not to tell anyone else.

Yes, she was really beautiful, he thought, as she stood at the window, leaning forward to speak through the hole in the glass. The bright light overhead sparkled on her hair; as she reached up to take a pair of tickets from the slits in the seating-diagram (what a pleasant sound that was, the crisp click of the two thin cardboards snapping together when pulled out briskly) the strong mould of her figure was pleasant to admire. Sitting at the little rolltop desk he could even hear the faint creak of her corset as she stretched up to the top of the rack; catch a faint whiff of her perfume. He felt a delicate shyness at being shut in there with this mysterious feminine creature, for though he was twenty-eight he had never been the least bit interested in women. A girl in the box-office was more a novelty then than now, but Mr. Galloway believed it was good for business.

When she complained of being on her feet all day, Richard got the stage carpenter to build her a high stool; he bought her a tiny electric fan for hot weather. On rainy evenings he brought in a sandwich, coffee and cake to save her going out for dinner; he took the window while she ate at the desk and told him about her family and her ambition to escape from Hoboken. She was a brave little woman, he thought, to return across the ferry alone at night.

There was an almost domestic intimacy in the snug little room. The advance rack with its tickets of many colors, the telephone which did not ring but only purred so as not to disturb the audience, the shabby rolltop desk with a pile of playscripts waiting for Mr. Galloway to read, the little gimcrack safe which for some unknown reason was painted with a picture of a lake with mountains and two swans—all these, with the procession of faces outside the glass window, the feeling of Theatre behind them, the steadily mounting pressure of subtle excitement that precedes every performance, gave a sense of romantic significance. When the show was well under way, the window closed, the door locked, the door-man brought in the box of stubs and they counted up. Richard made out the statement and they both signed it. It was then Lucy's privilege to take it back to Mr. Galloway. She went down through the dim little passage that led past the furnace-room and right underneath the auditorium. Overhead was the whole weight and glow of that mimic world: a warm silence pressed upon her, in which she could hear the tread of feet, clear distant voices, perhaps the boom and rumor of applause. If Mr. Galloway was on the scene she waited in the wings until he came off: he always paused then, for his exits were important and he liked to hear how the house took them. Then, waiting a moment longer, she followed him to his dressing room. She would meet his gaze first in the mirror, and never got over being startled by the glaring make-up. He would turn and take the sheet with Olympian casualness, the air of one who knew his own value even if the public had, for that night, forgotten it.

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There was a pretty touch of the German housewife about Lucy. One week they ran short of programs, and Richard collected as many as possible of the dropped and crumpled pamphlets, to use them again. But he was distressed by their slovenly appearance. "I'll take them home and iron them," said Lucy. She did so, and brought them back the next morning, cleverly restored. This enchanted Richard; that night when they counted up he could resist her thumb no longer. It was too tempting as it riffled a bunch of tickets, in the traditional manner, deftly snapping a pack of coupons in that rapid count that seems like magic. He kissed the thumb; that evening they had to do the count three times to make the unsold tickets verify the stubs. Lucy protested mildly, but it had already occurred to her that Roe was a prettier name than Geschwindt.

Richard had some secret pangs afterward; he felt it was perhaps a bit libertine to kiss a woman's thumb and not immediately follow it with a declaration. But presently he was invited over to Hoboken for Sunday dinner; in the afternoon they walked in the lofty grounds of Stevens Castle. He proposed to her by the old cannon on the brow of the cliff. The soft voices of river craft rose musically to them through a misty dusk; if there was a shriller hoot in any of those whistlings they did not notice it.

The older sister, Hazel Geschwindt, perhaps a little nettled by Lucy's satisfied mien, said the cannon was a bad omen. But privately she decided to give more positive encouragement to a young book salesman she had known for some time. His name was Schmaltz, and he also was soon taken up to see Stevens Castle.

(To be continued)

Christopher Morley.

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Politics with a Difference

The League of Nations

THE SOCIETY OF NATIONS: ITS ORGANIZATION AND CONSTITUTIONAL DEVELOPMENT. By FELIX MORLEY. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE MCCLURE

MR. MORLEY has written the best book on the League of Nations that has appeared from the pen of an American author. Comparison is not made, of course, with the several valuable source books that have been prepared by Americans who took part in the formation or early development of the League, or with textbooks in political science or international law which deal largely with the League. As a unified treatise, however, "The Society of Nations," without national qualification, sets standards and breaks unworked ground.

The author envisages his work as an examination of the constitutional growth of the League from "the first vague paper plans to the complicated and potentially powerful international machinery now firmly established." Such a work divides itself naturally into two parts, The League in Preparation and The League in Being; the latter, also naturally, is almost twice the length of the former.

Part I is devoted to a painstaking exposition of the work of the commission of the Paris peace conference which drafted the Covenant and of preceding proposals and discussions. The job is a tedious one, but the pages are happily enlivened by an occasional use of the lighter touch, as when we are told of the controversy over the question of mandates versus annexation between President Wilson and, "in order of vehemence," the premier of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Personal contacts, moreover, add interest, as where in dealing with the complicated and related questions of territorial guarantee and treaty revision (Articles 10 and 19 of the Covenant), the author is able to cite his own interview with Viscount Cecil, one of the two outstanding leaders in the commission and ever since a tower of strength in League affairs. The treatment of the League's genesis is well arranged and comprehensive: it sets forth necessary knowledge for the student and statesman who would understand or direct the League's future.

The book as a whole is commendably up-to-date and carefully integrated. In writing of one period or event, the author seems always to have in full view before him all of the rest of his subject. Discussing League origins, he says that "the major American achievement . . . was the incorporation of the thesis that the world is now a community . . . and that hostilities between any of its members have *inevitably* become a concern of the whole. Except for the background of the Covenant," he adds, the State Department's note of January 7, 1932, in the Sino-Japanese affair, proclaiming refusal to recognize any situation arising from the exercise of military pressure, "would never have been written."

Part II deals first with the committees of the League, the theory and operation of which are explained, and their precedents in pre-war international unions and in the Allied war administration carefully traced. A list of some seventy-five League advisory, technical, and administrative bodies is included in an appendix. While varying widely in composition and duties, they are characteristically groups of national officials, appointed by the Council, who form contacts and discover, through collaboration, the extent to which the policies they may formulate are susceptible of realization through acceptance by their governments. Corresponding Secretariat sections carry on the work between sessions, and the system is geared in with the League organization through responsibility to Council or Assembly. Their work "may be as vital as it is unspectacular."

Next in order of consideration is the Secretariat, of which the organization and executive function are discussed with the assurance of one who personally knows the inner workings and has had access to confidential memoranda. The sections: the civil service, beset with problems of promotion and retirement as well as with not a little nationalistic intrigue, but "alert, intelligent, and competent"; the Secretary-General himself, with his incomparable power within the League structure; the League "diplomatic service"; essential functions in the formulation and initiation of League policy, altogether unforeseen by the authors of the Covenant and opposed at early sessions of the Assembly;—these and other features make dramatic the story of an accomplishment in international organization "which stands out as unique in history."

The Council, intended by the makers of the Covenant to act as the principal organ of the League, is discussed from the points of view of composition and evolution. The problem of the non-permanent member is one that has existed from the beginning, when the intended majority composed of those permanently retaining seats was upset by the abstinence of the United States, and continues to exist, despite constitutional changes, all of which have increased the representation of the smaller powers and encouraged the development of an "inner circle." Rotation of the presidency of the Council, with resulting leadership according to "alphabetical exigencies," is among the weaknesses that come in for adverse criticism. Relatively to the other main organs, the Council is found to have lost ground over a wide front. Though to some extent offset by the executive activities of the Secretariat, there is a clear tendency for the Council to assume a role similar to that of a responsible cabinet in parliamentary government. The Council's handling of the Sino-Japanese dispute is detailed amply and judiciously, adding to the original contribution which the book makes; it is pronounced on the whole a failure for reasons that are "numerous and substantial, but not permanently irremediable."

"The Assembly as Sovereign Power" (an unhappy title, connoting repository of the preponderance of final authority in the League organization) is an especially illuminating chapter, recounting "a constitutional evolution . . . more pronounced, and more revolutionary," than that of any other League organ. Beginning with the first session (1920), when the Assembly established a position more commanding than intended for it by the framers of the Covenant, it has forged ahead through control of the League purse, now become exclusive; through creation of permanent committees; and, especially, through taking over the Sino-Japanese dispute from the Council, and at the March special session, facing this unprecedentedly difficult trial of the League with a courage and decisiveness that promptly terminated the Shanghai phase. The parliamentary characteristics of the Assembly are weighed and shown to be considerable, though qualified, temporarily at least, by the unanimity rule and lack of individual freedom of action. Clearly, a session of the Assembly is anything but an *ad hoc* conference of ambassadors.

The theory of the League is dealt with in the final chapter. What Kant meant by a confederation, the minimum international organization thought necessary to maintain international peace, appears to have been attained under the Covenant. Viewed by the author, the League is a loose confederation of independent states held together by agreement for the purpose of keeping the peace and developing international coöperation. Through the partial control of the International Labor Organization, by groups of workers and employers, and through meetings composed largely of private individuals, like the Economic Consultative Committee, the author believes that a profound constitutional process may be in progress, calculated to render the League less the creature of nationalistic governmental control. Meantime, it exhibits "a patient, tireless, and unspectacular machinery, working away to secure peace by the development of coöperative agencies for the mutual benefit of all, with no infringement on the legitimate rights of any."

Wallace McClure is secretary of the Board of the Academy of World Economics.

Seabury Investigations

THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE. By WILLIAM B. NORTHROP and JOHN B. NORTHROP. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $2.50

THIS book is the story of the Seabury investigations into the government of the City of New York which brought out the facts upon which Mayor James Walker was recently tried for his official life. Clearly and briefly the book tells the story of the disclosures in the Woman's Court, the Vice Squad, the Magistrates' Courts, the Sheriff's office, and other phases of the City Government to the office of the Mayor itself. Behind every disclosure the book indicates the presence of Tammany Hall. All that is here told has been told before in the newspapers but this brief statement of the uncovered corruption is as clear as it is damning.

It is a workmanlike piece of crusade journalism, documented as all good journalism of this type should be, by extracts from the records. The chief virtue of the book lies in an excellent brief of the vast amount of material already published in the press.

The authors of "The Insolence of Office" picture Judge Seabury as perfectly fair, extremely wise, and superlatively able. Tammany Hall is pictured as the evil system behind all corruption.

ROYAL FLUSH by Margaret Irwin

"The most entertaining and distinguished historical novel of the year." —BOOKMAN

Many people ask, "Who was Minette, heroine of *Royal Flush*?" She was the daughter of Charles I of England, killed by Cromwell in 1649. Minette fled to France, then but a child. Living in the court of Louis XIV as a "poor relation," she grew up to become one of the most glamorous and beloved figures in France. *Royal Flush* is Margaret Irwin's extraordinary re-creation of her strange, tangled life. *Fourth printing,* $2.50

THE INVASION by Janet Lewis

"The best book on the American theme I have read." —BOOKMAN

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Points of View

"Prosperityville"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

"Prosperityville"—the tingling name of our colony—is only a stone's throw from Riverside Drive. But the much abused stone must be thrown from 110th Street over two wire fences, a mess of freight cars, and four third-rails. And don't venture down after dark. The railroad "shacks" (special policemen) have been decidedly hostile ever since our Mayor—the veteran of five B. E. F. evacuations—"communized" the contents of one of the officer's lunch boxes.

Tim —— shares the apartment with me. Tim is a Don Quixote at heart, too. And when he lights his pipe, breathing free and full, faces to the West and calls each star by name and legend, I feel like Sancho—and try to forget my B. S. in economics degree.

But Tim is not a true "hobo"—he likes to work. Either he is helping one of the newcomers carry bricks for their huts, or he is digging black dirt for his precious flowers. In traditional tramp "jungles" Tim would be called a "broom-stiff," and perhaps given a match, which is an invitation—or rather a command—for him to go and make his own campfire. To bums, the first law of the jungle is "only saps work."

Our manner of foraging would please W. H. Davies. I am training myself in the delicate profession of panhandling. Ladies—especially young ladies with dogs—are my specialty. My "stem" (or beat) is at the bottom of those long steps leading down from the Drive. Every morning—I like the job because it is useless to begin work before ten—I sit at the bottom of the lane eating a raw hamburger sandwich. A few crumbs of the meat are dropped at my feet.

Like a Ted Cook mechanical contraption, a dog coming down the steps, smells the meat, pulls on the leash, and tugs the leashee into my web.

Then "my sob" (or fairy-tale) begins. "New York! New York"—I whisper—and Broadway—like a bowl of champagne with roses on top and thorns underneath. (O. O. McIntyre stuff.)
"And where," I ask, "is this famed Broadway?"

I explain that this is my first time in New York—just pulled off the rattlers.

By that time the dog is usually smelling my shoes (polished with hamburger) and the lady—God bless her curiosity—is asking me questions. If she is young or has a collie dog—I am a professional troubadour and amuse her with my ballads. To others—I am an orphan, leaving my uncle's farm because he is mean to his daughter.

Never must I beg for money. About half of my audience force their quarters and even dollars into my hand. No—do not call it a good racket—I always stop the day's work when the box-office receipts are one dollar. More than that would be greed, to be spent on useless fancy neckties, newspapers, or flowering plants for Tim.

But sincerely, I have no desire to continue this show. I'm going on the road, following Vachel Lindsay's old itinerary, and selling my poems in a pamphlet—as he did. Do you want a copy? You can address me Box 2115, Seamen's Church Institute. They don't deliver mail in "Prosperityville."

W. H. MILLER.

Hermaphrodite Rhyme

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I once pointed out the charms of the hermaphrodite rhyme to Mr. Alfred Noyes (whether to any effect I don't know), and I wish Mr. Louis Untermeyer would add it to his collection of Rhyme and Its Reasons in your issue for 6 August. Hermaphrodite because masculine-feminine, rhyming an accented with an unaccented syllable; not write and plight, rhyming and climbing, but rhyme and sometime, write and midnight. The modern will find plenty of cases in Chaucer, apparent cases, that is,—

For she was wilde and young, and he was old,
And deemed himself be lyke a cuckold.
For to descryben of this marriage
When tendre youthe hath wedded stouping age.

Though Chaucer himself did not accent these rhymes as we do, a century or two later his readers did, and thought they had his authority for this rhyme. Accordingly in the sixteenth century we find abundance of couplets like these, which are no less airily taking because due to this ignorance,—

The force of Greece and armies all by this
For want of wind have hover'd long in Aulis.
And having thus perform'd this murderous treason,
He triumphs in the spoils of Priam's son.
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.

They are best when the unaccented rhyme comes second. The delicate Celt has always liked this rhyme so much that he has it regularly in his Ars Poetica, rhyming accented with unaccented syllables in the Deibhidh metre in Gaelic (*di* with *éigsi*), and in the Cywydd in Welsh (*gástell* with *gwell*).

I'd like to see some agile poet
Just try his hand at writing it,—
It has the history one could wish,
Yet novelty in modern English,
To pacify a conservative,
Yet satisfy a red progressive.

J. S. P. TATLOCK.

"There Is a Tide"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In discussing my new novel, "There Is A Tide," in your issue dated 10 September, your reviewer writes:

"Naturally there has to be some account of the Miami boom, and here Mr. Wilde quotes extensively, with credit, from T. H. Weigall's 'Boom in Paradise.'"

My quotations from Weigall total fewer than two hundred and sixty words, and are introduced to present an intimate view of George E. Merrick—not of the boom. The only other reference to, or use of Weigall, occurs in connection with an allusion to a rowdy party in which, according to Weigall, the Hon. James J. Walker participated.

The reviewer continues:

"Granted that Weigall is the best man to quote on that topic. . ."

But I do not grant this, and no well-informed Floridian grants it. Weigall's book is a mine of misinformation, and the most cursory comparison of my pages with his will indicate how greaty we differ. I know Florida at first-hand at least ten times as well as Weigall. I am interested in what he says about himself and about his employer, Merrick. But he can discuss no other phase of the boom upon which my information is not greater than his. Even his account of the founding of the University of Miami is erroneous: I should know, for I have the honor of being a member of the faculty.

The chapter, summarizes your reviewer, has "somewhat the flavor of a hasty newspaper rewrite." What a pity that he could not have been with me during the weeks when more than a dozen Floridians, millionaires and multi-millionaires in 1926, helped me to write and rewrite it!

PERCIVAL WILDE.

South Wind

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your reviewer in "The New Books" department, August 13th issue, writes, in his review of the Limited Editions Club "South Wind," "Norman Douglas's classic has appeared in several formats, none of them worthy of the story."

This is rather a sweeping statement, considering that our edition of "South Wind," published a couple of years ago, with illustrations by John Austen, received the entire approval of the author himself, as well as that of such fastidious critics as Mr. A. Edward Newton, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, Mr. William McFee, and others. It is possible that your reviewer has not seen this edition, and if this is the case, he is even less qualified to make the above statement. True, his appraisal of the Limited Editions Club format is not wholly favorable, indicating that a setting really worthy of the content of "South Wind" is, in his opinion, difficult to achieve—an opinion with which we are in entire agreement. Yet, bearing in mind the perfection of every detail of our edition, we feel that it is superior to that produced by the Limited Editions Club.

ARGUS BOOKS.

No. 1

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It may be startling news to the readers of The Saturday Review, but the entire purpose of this advertisement is to sell you Viking books. With this crass confession off our chests we can turn to the problem of how best to present these books so that you are sorely tempted to buy. We have found that Saturday Review readers are far more interested than most of the general public in what goes on behind the scenes of the publishing house, why certain books were published, what individual authors are doing, advance information about important forthcoming titles. We do not promise to eschew superlatives. That would be an unwarranted curb on our native and sincere enthusiasm. The most we can promise you is that, in our opinions, the superlatives fit the books. We shall welcome anything you care to say about any of our books and, if it seems worthy of repetition, we shall be glad to run an occasional letter (brickbat or bouquet) in these columns, which will appear regularly for the next few weeks.

The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia saw her second book, A PRINCESS IN EXILE, *safely ensconced on the best-seller list and then with justifiable satisfaction set sail for the Continent.*

JOSEPHUS

by Lion Feuchtwanger

The first book we present to you is by the author of POWER (JEW SÜSS). In this tale of Flavius Josephus, priest and pander, soldier and historian, champion and betrayer of his race, Herr Feuchtwanger has returned to the manner of that earlier success. Like Jew Süss, Josephus is an actual historical character: the great Jewish historian during the reigns of Nero and Vespasian. We firmly believe that this is Feuchtwanger's greatest book and that is synonymous with saying that it is one of the greatest historical romances of our time. You'll enjoy particularly the swiftly moving romance and the vivid re-creation of Rome with its decadent courts, of Alexandria, of the Temple of Jerusalem, of the slave marts of Caesarea and other colorful spots on the author's enormous canvas. Selected by The Literary Guild. *Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir.* $2.50

The beginning of November will probably see Lion Feuchtwanger in this country. He will visit his American publisher and then set forth on a lecture tour.

The return of the native's friend

Readers of Lolly Willowes and Mr. Fortune's Maggot by Sylvia Townsend Warner will be more than pleased to hear that in her latest book, THE SALUTATION, she has brought back an old friend—anonymously, to be sure, but unmistakably. We find him in South America, still brooding over the loss of his maggot and trying to adjust himself to the possessive hospitality of an aristocratic lady of none too tender years but tender susceptibilities. In addition to this novelette there is a second short novel, Elinor Barley—the autobiography of a murderess—and eleven shorter pieces in the author's best vein.

Major Yeats-Brown has just arrived in New York. He begins shortly a series of lectures which will carry him across the continent.

BLOODY YEARS

by Major F. Yeats-Brown

When Yeats-Brown wrote *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* the critics and the public of England and America shouted from the housetops and rushed into the bookstores. It looks suspiciously as though history would repeat itself with this second book—a blend of history and personal adventure in Stamboul. It is a tale of captivity and hairbreadth escapes and also of the plots and counterplots that undermined the Ottoman Empire. Already Max Beerbohm ("as thrilling as any tale told by the elder Dumas"), Lowell Thomas ("more exciting even than Bengal"), Hugh Walpole ("simply splendid"), Alexander Woollcott, Lewis Gannett, Compton Mackenzie, James Laver ("enthralling") and many others are hailing it with enthusiasm. Illustrated. $2.75

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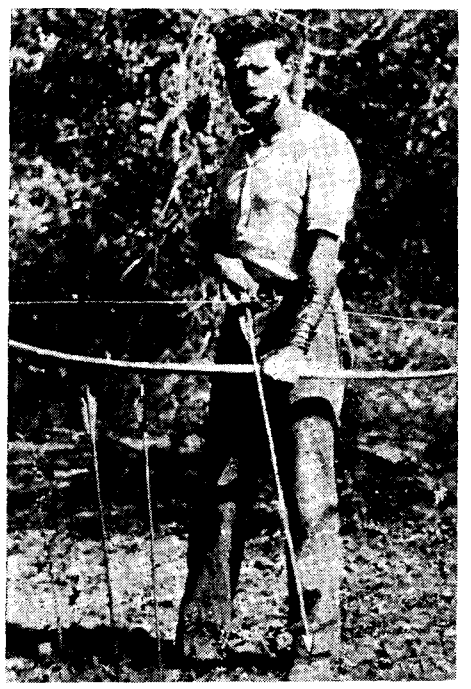

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THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

MY LIFE IN THE MOSLEM EAST. By EMMA COCHRAN PONAFIDINE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1932. $3.50.

Mrs. Ponafidine was one of the first of the emigrés to utilize her Russian experiences in the form of magazine articles, women's club lectures, and a book. She now follows her "Russia—My Home" with further recollections from an earlier period, and she informs us that under the thrifty urging of her publishers, she has cut out some of the material originally intended for the present volume to hold for a third about her childhood.

Mrs. Ponafidine was the daughter of American missionaries and born in the village of Seir in Persia. It was while in the Near East that she met her future husband, who was a Russian in his country's Consular Service, and the greater part of this book is made up of her recollections of their life in various posts in Persia and Turkestan, and more particularly of her memories of Constantinople where they lived for ten years and came to feel thoroughly at home.

There are glimpses of Kurdish raiders and of a cholera epidemic; of Bagdad heat and the high Pamirs; of holy Meshed in Khorassan, and of old Abdul Hamid and the last of the Old Turks. Mrs. Ponafidine makes no attempt to "interpret" or to generalize on the countries and peoples concerned. Her book is made up of the sort of comment and recollection that goes into diaries and letters home and is similar in style to the articles about far places which not infrequently appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is not exciting, but chatty and informing—good stuff to be read aloud to the family on a winter evening.

JOAQUIN MURIETA. San Francisco: Grabhorn Press.

SIEYEO. By *Glyndon G. Van Deusen*. Columbia University Press. $3.

SALESMAN FROM THE SIDELINES. By *McReady Huston*. Long & Smith. $2.50.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC. By *Hilaire Belloc, Archbishop Goodier, Father Ronald Knox, Rev. C. C. Martindale*, and *Sheila Kaye-Smith*. Macmillan. $1.35.

LONE COWBOY. By *Will James*. Scribners. $2.50.

GEORGE MORGAN. COLONY BUILDER. By *Max Savelle*. Columbia University Press. $3.25.

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1787-1807. Edited by *H. J. C. Grierson*. Holt.

Drama

FOUR PLAYS. By *A. A. Milne*. Putnams. $2.50.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND THE MODERN DRAMA. By *Richard A. Cordell*. Long & Smith. $2.50.

Fiction

SMITH. By WARWICK DEEPING. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Mr. Deeping resembles his carpenter-hero, Smith, in that he is a conscientious workman, with a proper pride in his craftsmanship. He will use only well-seasoned lumber and he sees to it that the joints are nicely mortised. His construction is solid and orderly, and if he finds it necessary to add some ornamentation to conform to current fashions—such as the momentary sexual divagation of his hero—the building nevertheless goes on according to the honest specifications. The result is a pleasingly readable character study, not too sentimental, and perhaps a more truthful portrayal of life as it is than most of the more glitteringly brilliant performances. That is the effect Mr. Deeping aims at, as he expressly records. His Smith had read some contemporary novels and "the impression he got from them was one of excessive dreariness." He exclaims: "What strikes me about the people who write these books is that they know so little about the real people, people like us. Most of the world has work to do, and that keeps it—rational."

It is the story of the rise and fall, and subsequent emergence into a philosophical tranquillity, of an honest British workman who is intelligent and ambitious, but also sensitive to beauty. He is a sturdy individualist who sees no hope in "socialism" though he complains that "life had become a factory producing articles for profit rather than for use, and man had become the slave of a system." He becomes foreman of his shop and almost attains a partnership but accident intervenes and his career is blocked. He also becomes a victim of tuberculosis, from which he emerges into a cheerful life in a coöperative colony which has a slightly Utopian aspect.

The woman, an under-housemaid, whom Smith marries, is more subtly and convincingly portrayed than the hero himself: an admirable, sympathetically understanding study, especially in the record of her development as wife and mother under adversity. The underlying philosophy of the book—or moral, if one prefers—is summed up in the remark of a minor actor: "Life's a dreadful sort of failure if it doesn't teach one to be kind."

THE WILD STREAK. By MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY. Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

Miss Bailey's stories, here collected, constitute a series of variations on a common theme. Some are executed with considerable ingenuity, all are a trifle sentimental, most are informed by a pleasant, rhythmical style and a quality of observation that is at least a cut above the average.

The false note lies in the common theme: the streak of perversity that will occasionally crop up in the least radical of people, whether it be the result of stubborness, indecision, passion, or loyalty. A musician, chided by his girl because he plays a kettledrum, decides to remain silent at the critical point in the concerto where the tympani are given a solo passage; he is unable. A common-law wife, informed that she has no legal rights in the land of her former mate, decides to fight anyhow. A husband, married to a professional mourner, tears up the only photograph of their dead child so her "grief" may not find additional scope. A chauffeur rescues his master's girl from a compromising situation in defiance of his position as a servant. A wife, shipowner in her own right, sends her renegade husband to certain death in a rotten ship. This last, the title story, is the best, for in it Miss Bailey has for a moment forgotten her apparently arbitrary theme and become interested in the construction of character and the interplay of valid emotion.

THE INFINITE LONGING. By MARIE VERHOEVEN SCHMITZ. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.

The author of the book is a Dutch woman, but the novel itself might just as well as not be laid in London, Stockholm, Buenos Aires, or New York. It is one of those morality novels, fictional parables, in which the hero is a symbol, a sort of Everyman.

Adam Heemdrift, at the beginning of the story, is a kind of superman, head of a great banking house, and one who conquers everything in sight, from women to business rivals, for the sheer satisfaction of using his own irresistible power. There is always something just beyond the immediate horizon, some woman more triumphantly beautiful, some financial task more provocative, the vanquishing of which will satisfy his "infinite longing." But each new battle won, only leaves him thirsty for other springs, a little further ahead.

Power, beauty, sensual love, are chased and captured, and all without bringing satisfaction or peace. At last, Adam's luck changes. He loses his fortune, loses his nerve, finds himself ruined and disgraced and in jail. It is only after he is turned loose again, a helpless and broken man in the world in which he once ruled as a sort of uncrowned king, that he finds his own soul, and achieves the happiness he once dreamed of in an "exquisite absence of desire." He has lost everything, yet he wants back none of the things he has lost. He is completely happy, as he used to be as a child, when, on a summer evening, he lay in his bed and let sleep close his eyes.

Just what the author's philosophy of life may be, is a little difficult to grasp. There are suggestions of the later Tolstoy, and of Dostoievsky, in this winning of one's soul only through losing it. Yet Adam makes no practical use of his revelation unless his kindness to Nina, the street-girl who takes him in and mothers him after his blindness, may be regarded as such. He is too near the end of his strength, as well as of desire, to practise a kind of primitive Christianity as a way of life. This personal Nirvana may be all very well for an old wreck like Adam, but

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it wouldn't have helped much in making him a better citizen if he could have achieved it when, as a human being, he was still a going concern. Yet the pattern of Mme. Schmitz's novel implies that she isn't merely telling the story of an individual but pointing a general moral. However all that may be, "The Infinite Longing" is written both with power and with restraint, and its characters and their actions are warm, human, and persuasive in spite of the fact that each is by way of being a symbol, unattached to any specific local scene.

BLOOD OF THE LAMB. By MATTHEW MARK. Mohawk Press. 1932. $2.

The author of this, which Clarence Darrow accurately calls an "amazing" book, might better have chosen "John" as a pseudonym, since he ends with an apocalyptic vision of worldwide calamity. He is very tremendously in earnest, which is perhaps a justification for the generous *imprimatur* accorded by Mr. Darrow and Oswald Garrison Villard. It is a crude, incoherent performance, formless and, in some respects, puerile—as in the suggested parellelism with the life of Christ, which provides the title, but which has, in fact, little pertinency to the bulk of the book, about half of which is taken up with vivid, sometimes highly effective descriptions of the horrors of war. Most of the remaining half is devoted to an outline of the political and social history of the United States from the Roosevelt era to the present, including the encampment of the "bonus army" in Washington and the current political campaign: an outline which is a bitter denunciation of all parties and persons concerned.

It is, however, as Mr. Darrow says, a "novel with terrific stuff in it"—though it is not any kind of novel, but rather a tract for the times. As such it is perhaps not without significance, for it cannot be doubted that there are very many who share the writer's indignation.

MURDER IN MARYLAND. By *Leslie Ford*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.
RIDERS ACROSS THE BORDER. By *Jackson Gregory*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE MANY MIZNERS. By *Addison Mizner*. Sears. $3.
THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR. By *Edmund Spenser*. Dutton. 90 cents.
TURKEY RED. By *Frances Gilchrist Wood*. Appleton. $2.
HERE ARE MY CHILDREN. By *Mona Goodwyn Williams*. Mohawk Press. $2 net.
FORTY-SECOND STREET. By *Bradford Ropes*. King. $2.
THE DEATH BOX. By *B. G. Quinn*. Greenberg. $2.
LAST LOVER. By *Kelsey Freeman*. Greenberg. $2.
MA CINDERELLA. By *Harold Bell Wright*. Harpers. $2.
SELF-MADE WOMAN. By *Faith Baldwin*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.
THE FOUR MARYS. By *Agnes Sligh Turnbull*. Revell. $1.50.
THAT'S MY BOY. By *Francis Wallace*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.
DESIRED HAVEN. By *Henrietta Leslie*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK. By *Elizabeth Corbett*. Century. $2.
THREE-CORNERED LOVE. By *Nancy Hoyt*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
DESERT SAND. By *Margaret Pedler*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Miscellaneous

CHRISTMAS CAROLS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by EDWARD BLISS REED. Harvard University Press. 1932.

This attractive little book contains facsimile reproductions of several fragmentary early sixteenth century printed carol collections together with the entire volume entitled "Christmas carolles newely Inprynted," by Richard Kele, which until its recent discovery in the Huntington Library by Professor Reed has been deplored as lost. An interesting account of the printer and of allusions to the book itself until it was absorbed in the Britwell Court Library, together with a brief discussion of the genre and history of carols, critical notes, and a bibliography of collections of carols is also included.

The critical apparatus is both informative and interesting and does not overweight the text. The reproductions are altogether admirable—an excellent illustration of what can and should be done for all unique or very rare manuscripts and early printed books. The issue of many more books of this type is a desideratum not merely for the scholar but for the general reader. Professor Reed is to be congratulated both upon his find and upon the happy way in which he has presented it to the public.

Brief Mention

Ernest Jerome Hopkins, whose researches into the "Third Degree" gave a sting to the Wickersham Report on Law Enforcement, was a reporter in San Francisco at the time of the famous Mooney episode. In his *What Happened in the Mooney Case* (Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $2.50) he retells the story from the point of view of a newspaper man and with severe condemnation of the methods employed by men in office, and the willingness of the people of California to keep an innocent man in prison because they do not like his opinions. * * * Among books more or less on technical subjects just published are *The Story of the Minerals*, by Herbert P. Whitlock (American Museum of Natural History), which is an informal treatment intended as a kind of guidebook to the great collection in the American Museum. Also two books on the arts, one by Ralph M. Pearson, *Experiencing Pictures: Through Analysis of Ancient and Modern Works and Through Practice of the Procedures which Makes Those Works Effective*. The book is elaborately illustrated with graphs and reproductions. The author says it is ". . . an attempt to arrange in an orderly way our available knowledge about the tangible content of pictures so that that knowledge may be used to help form intelligent judgments of our own." * * * Helen Gardner's *Understanding the Arts* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is a more general and much broader survey, covering the arts of building, sculpture, painting, the book, weaving, and pottery. * * * A sumptuous volume entitled *Hill Towns and Cities of Northern Italy* (Macmillan, $25) supplies a pleasant text to the delicate etchings of the well-known American, John Taylor Arms. His art is admirably adapted to catch the intricate beauty of Italian architecture, particularly that of Venice where he is unusually successful. The context is written by his wife, Dorothy Noyes Arms. * * * Another sumptuous book is *The Elegant Woman: From the Rococo to Modern Times, by Gertrude Aretz* (Harcourt, Brace, $5). The interesting text, which describes the courtesans and social leaders of two centuries in their private and public lives, is the background for numerous admirable illustrations consisting chiefly of reproductions of pictures, some well known, others fresh and interesting. It will be discovered in this book that in the Napoleonic period an elegant lady of the Empire expended on her personal needs about 200,000 francs a year, of which 300 went for chemises, 25,000 for dresses, 20,000 for a bed, 50,000 for furniture, and 300 for teachers to instruct her in French. * * * Two historical books which should be mentioned are J. Alexander Mayhan's *Life of Maria Theresa of Austria* (Crowell, $3.75); and Frank C. Lockwood's *Pioneer Days in Arizona* (Macmillan, $4), made up from memoirs and records dating from the early Spanish period to statehood. * * * John Galsworthy and his wife, Ada Galsworthy, have made a new English version of *Carmen* (Scribner's, $5.75), taken from the original libretto of H. Meilhac and L. Halévy. The volumes are signed by the two authors. Apparently no respectable English version of this famous opera story exists.

The Yale University Press in New Haven is continuing its publication of important treatises on the background of the War. These books are published both here and abroad. Three recent volumes are *The Industry of Austria during Wartime*, by Richard Riedel; *The Influence of the War Upon the Movements of the Populace, Their Income, and Their Living Conditions in Germany*, by R. Meerwarth, Adolf Günther, and W. Zimmermann, and *The Population of France during the War*, with an appendix on the revenues before and after the War, by Michel Huber. The first two volumes are in German, the third in French. * * * Three new books of decidedly lighter character are Kenneth Malcolm Murray's *Wings over Poland* (Appleton, $3), a spirited narrative of the fighting shortly after the war between Poland and Russia, E. Barrington's rewriting in fictional form of the famous story of *Anne Boleyn* (Doubleday, Doran, $2) and an attractive book tastefully illustrated called *The Buried Rose: Legends of Old Baltimore*, by Sidney L. Nyburg (Knopf, $3.50) which contains a series of romantic legends of early life in Baltimore. * * * Note should be made of Dana Kinsman Merrill's *Development of American Biography* (Southworth Press, Portland, Maine) an essay on American biography with bibliographical notes. A useful book for the reader and scholar. * * *

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

MISS ISABEL C. CLARKE, author of "Stepsisters," "We Who Are Left," "Strangers in Rome" (Longmans, Green), novels commended by Catholic critics, writes from Rome that she published a life of Mrs. Browning that may also interest the Michigan inquirer looking for such a book: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning: a Portrait" (Hutchinson). "It appeared in 1930, before that of Miss Boas which followed much the same ground, although mine had some letters from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. William Wetmore Story (lent to me by the late Mrs. Waldo Story of Rome) and some hitherto unpublished photographs of Mrs. Browning and her little son. I was also able to make mine differ from other books on the subject on account of my knowledge of the places where the Brownings lived in Italy." Says *E. H. J., Charleston, S. C.* "Your reply to W. J. M. in regard to footprints reminded me of a short story called 'The Little Wet Foot' which I read many years ago in *Harper's Magazine*. The author was William Gilmore Beyme and the story was published in two parts, April-May, 1913, vol. 126. It is the story of a Union spy or a Confederate blockade-runner plying between the Bahamas and Wilmington, N. C.—an exciting situation, you'll admit!" *L. H. G., New York,* wants to tell his intelligent six-year old boy, much interested in stories about the Argonauts, the Trojan War, and the Flood, more Biblical stories, but wants them told as old stories only, without religious interpretation, "believing that religion is not for little boys." As the stories are to be retold from the book, not read by the child himself, the language of "Stories from the Bible," by Walter de la Mare (Knopf), will not be out of the child's vocabulary—not that this would have worried me much when I was little and a new word was a new curiosity for my museum. Or there are the versions of Old Testament stories, George Hodges's "The Garden of Eden" and "The Castle of Zion" (Houghton Mifflin) which children themselves actually like to read and do so of their own volition. Or there are the simple settings of Nora Archibald Smith, in "Old, Old Tales from the Old, Old Book" (Doubleday, Doran), a story-teller's Bible for children even as young as kindergarten years, keeping as closely as it can to the language of the King James version. I hope, however, that in his desire to keep out propaganda the story-teller will not handicap the Old Testament too much in competition with the gods of Greece, Rome, or Scandinavia. No one takes pains to interrupt the story of the Argonauts by patient, repeated reminders that there was of course never a real Jason; I never heard a parent pause to explain that natural history was all against the tale of Laocoon. Why not at least let Jonah take his chance with Jason, without comment? *B. L., Casa Grande, Arizona, starting a public library, asks for suggestions for twenty-five novels of* 1930 *and* 1931. I suggest in wholesale orders like this that the book committee consult the pamphlet, "Outstanding Novels of the Twentieth Century," prepared by Ruth Melamed of the Queensboro Public Library at Jamaica, N. Y. and published by the H. W. Wilson Co. This names and describes one hundred works of fiction chosen for their lasting qualities—something a library must above all bear in mind; with this as a base or even as a point of departure a committee can get to work without losing time. Speaking of lists, I have just been making one under somewhat unusual conditions: a literary critic on the continent of Europe, working now on a book about contemporary American novelists, sent me the names of twenty-six writers within his purview, and asked which twelve I would choose on a basis of past performance, promise for the future, and, of course to some extent, on whether the reading public would rightly expect to find the author included. Naturally I cannot reveal either his list or mine (the latter reached by four successive eliminations) but I suggest, as a summer amusement not without interest, gathering one's own choice of names of twenty-six living American writers of fiction and winnowing them to twelve by group action. The discussion should be salutary.

M. G. P., Colorado, asks for my own choice of twelve brand new books, fiction and non-fiction, for a reading club of twelve members. Instead of trying to gauge, unsight unseen, the reading tastes of this group, I am taking them at their word and setting down literally my own choice; twelve of the books that have by sheer power forced me to read them through at this time of the year and made me thoroughly glad I did so. If they can do that with the ground scarce firm under my feet from the ship, it means something. Ellen Glasgow's beautiful new novel means a great deal: it is a major event in our season, and when this season shall be long past, "The Sheltered Life" (Doubleday, Doran) will still he here to enrich us. When Edith Wharton gives us a novel in the tradition she has formed, the full-length, richly stored novel less of social criticism than of social commentary, this in itself distinguishes a publishing season, and "The Gods Arrive" is in this tradition. What the advance notices have not emphasized is that it is the continuation of "Hudson River Bracketed," and thus loses some momentum by explaining "what has gone before"; one wishes that like Galsworthy she had taken for granted that everyone had read the preceding work and gone on from there. But this is carping; for such insight into a novelist's processes of creation and into the process of creating a novelist, there is cause for gratitude. I have already made it plain that "Inheritance," by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan), seems to me a book not only to be read but to be read at once; it is not often one sees a tremendous economic problem of the hour working out over three generations in terms of human relations. Hugh Walpole's "The Fortress" (Doubleday, Doran) will be widely read because it carries on the Rogue Herries series and because it is by far the best of them. Of the newcomrs, my surprise and delight was greatest at Catherine Brody's "Nobody Starves" (Longmans, Green). I would have said that never again a book could strike the same sort of fire that years ago the earlier works of Upton Sinclair used to strike in my young mind; this book did, yet it is quiet enough and curiously free from special pleading. The other newcomer who made me read him slowly is Frank O'Connor, whose "The Saint and Mary Kate," a story of today's Dublin, has been lately published by Macmillan. Æ is confident of his future, they say; his short stories in "Guests of the Nation" were strong, but this novel has a rare blend of sympathy and irony—and O how charmingly they all do talk!

For the non-fiction, Buchan's "Sir Walter Scott" (Coward-McCann) elsewhere noted; "The Tudor Wench," by Elswyth Thane Brewer (Warren & Putnam), a spirited free-biography of Elizabeth of England in her girlhood and the earlier years of her reign; "Van Loon's Geography" (Simon & Schuster), which held all other books at bay until I had managed to scamper through it, quarrelling often enough but always enjoying; Bernard De Voto's "Mark Twain's America" (Little, Brown) which no one interested in searching the sources of Americanism can possibly afford to miss—and good entertainment it is too. This gives me one more space for a book I have not yet read, "This Country of Yours," by Morris Markey (Little, Brown). I gave it one searching glance and knew my work would be competely held up. So this will have to go to press before I can permit myself to find out what Mr. Markey discovered about us in the course of 16,000 miles of traveling in search of the American psyche. For the matter of that, another book from which I had to claw myself resolutely back is "Man's Rough Road" (Stokes), the story of human society and how it came to get that way.

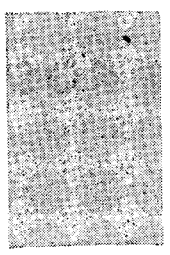
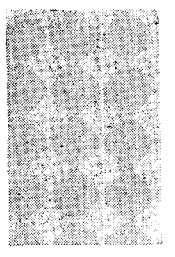
OH very well, now let's see what you can do with this: *The Montclair Public Library* has a client who wants to know in what article on Peking Samuel Taylor Coleridge indicated his belief that there was no Wall of China. I went through the "Biographica Literaria" and three instalments of *The Friend,* and at this point decided to throw myself upon the mercies of the constituency. *It is heart-warming to see how the admirers of Eugene Manlove Rhodes* have been thanking me for telling them, as one expressed it, "that one O'Neill of Los Angeles is about to bring out a complete edition of Rhodes." Also Mr. O'Neill wrote to say that people wrote to him at once from six states of this country. *A. L. B., Penn Yan, N. Y.* says: "It is some years since I tried to secure a copy of his 'West Is West' and was told it was out of print; eventually I was able to get only a mutilated second-hand copy." *C. M. L., New York,* says:

> In the August 27 issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* A. S., from Mississippi, asks "And why doesn't someone write an Indian drama?" I should like to call her attention to two Indian plays by William Ellery Leonard, the author of "Two Lives" and "The Locomotive God." One of these plays, "Glory of the Morning," presents the problem of inter-racial marriage and the other, "Red Bird," is built around the surrender of Red Bird, chief of the Winnebago Indians, to Major William Whistler of the United States Army, and shows the conflict between Indian traditions and the laws of the United States.

E. L. R., New York, asks me if there is an introduction to the skies that will give him a good explanation of the recent eclipse. I suggest "Astronomy for Young Folks" (Duffield) and assure him that the title need not put him off; the author, Isabel M. Lewis, is admirably equipped to write for any member of the family. A new and revised edition appeared on purpose for the eclipse of 1932.

S. E. B., Haverford, Pa., asks where and for what price she may secure a copy of the manual on the care of books praised in this column last November. "The Care and Repair of Books," a manual by Harry Lydenburg and John Archer of the New York Public Library, so good that the large word invaluable is not too large for the collector, librarian, or just book-lover, costs two dollars and may be obtained from the publisher, R. R. Bowker, 62 West 45th Street, New York City. *I. M. S., Teacher's College, N. Y.* collects books about doctors and nursing and has sent for copies of seven issues of the *S. R. of Lit.* in which this department listed such novels; since these appeared we have had—to keep the collection up to date—"The Challenge of Love," by Warwick Deeping (Knopf), who being a doctor himself may be trusted for the right color and "The Doctor's Defense," by someone calling himself Sidney Fairway (Kinsey), a story of an English general practitioner's heroically lost reputation. There are two young doctors in Rhoda Truax's "Hospital" (Dutton) who get into trouble through their marriages—or rather, one who does and one who gives up marriage altogether because in his career there is no place for a wife. I gave it to the R. N. who decides for me whether local color is sound, and she says it certainly is. W. Thurman's "Interne" (Macaulay), however, is the muck-raker that most of the nurses seem to be reading. Grace Richmond's resourceful doctor appears once more in her "Red Pepper Returns" (Doubleday, Doran). Considering how much pow-wow still is practised in certain remote districts of Pennsylvania, I'd include in this collection Raube Walters's "Hex Woman" (Macaulay), a grim story of the last century.

L. H. C., New York, adds to the books on astronomy "The Friendly Stars" and "The Ways of the Planets," by Martha Evans Martin, saying "they are not new, so the science, which was accurate for the time, may be outmoded, but they certainly inspire a love of the subject and are most pleasant reading. I was in the country club last week and saw Saturn through a small telescope, then read what Mrs. Martin says about it. We were so interested that we arose in the early dawn to see Venus, extraordinarily brilliant just now in the Morning Star."

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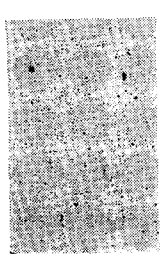
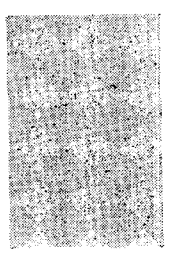

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The Bookshop Window

THIS is an agreeably ripe time of year to resume the discussion of children's books. As indoor hours lengthen, so are young persons more properly hungry for the fun and stimulation of book adventure. Annually and happily the publishers honor the fall with a fresh, healthy crop of gaily dressed, vari-subjected books—plenty to satisfy the desperate, what-to-read appetite of everyman's child. There are by actual count fewer titles this season than last. The price of the books is also held down. But if ingenuity coupled with closer co-operation between publisher, artist, and manufacturer has somewhat reduced cost, the appearance of the books seems not to have suffered. An attractive simplicity, which is sensitive to line and format, is more in evidence than the previous lavish use of color.

Predominant, of course, are the story books, and one might almost suspect a conspiracy among writers to supply tales for those difficult ages, eight to twelve or fourteen. There at least, the choice is broader than formerly. Picture books scale from the many inexpensive but bright and warm little things about pets and would-be pets or homey objects, photographed or drawn, to the fine, vigorous portrayal of an imaginative artist alive in his story of pictures. That each year the polish on this group of books seems clearer, more finished, is evidence of our wisdom in observing the master color-users and bookmakers of Europe. There are new fact books likewise to cover an ever broadening list of subjects. Those that are straightforward and honest are heartily welcome. But we continue to deplore the pseudo type which chokes the lesson either in pictures or text with an isn't-it-all-jolly attitude. The fun of facts, like that of stories, is in direct ratio to the sincerity and expertness of their presentation.

Fortunately we find a nice yearly average (with a now and then leap to heights) of sound, intelligent books for young persons. The library of a modern girl and boy may stand quite unabashed beside that of the grown-ups. It is rich in material and wide in scope, and constantly grows more so. From it they may catch, if they don't watch out, an understanding and sympathy, an awareness of a large world and universe.

(In future Windows we intend to be brief and explicit and thereby present a more comprehensive view of the new books for children than would be possible otherwise.)

Daily Life in Old Rome

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ROMANS. By HAROLD WHETSTONE JOHNSTON. Revised by MARY JOHNSTON. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Company. 1932. $2.24.

Reviewed by MRS. KIETH PRESTON

READERS of two kinds will be grateful for this volume. Teachers and students of Latin and history, who have used Professor Johnston's book for many years, will welcome the revised edition, skilfully made by Miss Johnston, herself a scholar giving evidence of gifts similar to those of her distinguished father. She has taken advantage of a considerable amount of material now made available by recent discoveries, much of it due to excavations at Pompeii. Four new chapters have been added: Farming and Country Life; Town Life; Religion; and The Water Supply at Rome, a brief chapter which might better have been included in the chapter on the home. Colored maps of Italy and the Roman Empire, and a large map of Rome serving as end sheets, will be useful to students. Among the three hundred and twenty-six illustrations, there have been added many photographs of portrait busts of Roman children and women, one of an irresistible little fat boy with a pet lamb, another of a pretty lady with a "long bob."

For the general reader, especially the reader who wants to know just what "the old Romans" were like, but has not the patience or zest for linguistic study to "take Latin," here is treasure. For the author possessed in unusual degree the gift of easy and charming literary expression, combined with wide and accurate scholarship. The varied and entertaining information found in these pages is authentic. A Roman woman of fashion colored her hair if she chose, admiring highly the red-gold color of Greek hair. She was passionately fond of jewelry, and did not always answer nobly that her children were her jewels; one empress owned a set of pearls and emeralds valued at nearly $2,000,000. Salt was a government monopoly, and "care was taken always to keep the price low." Make your own modern parallel! There were dietary fads even then: "in the first century A.D. people preferred the fine white bread, even though as now the whole wheat bread was thought to be more nutritious." The amphitheater at Verona, where Buffalo Bill exhibited, is a Roman building, partly restored. Book collectors went in for autograph copies; "Gellius (late in the second century A.D.) says that one by Virgil cost the owner one hundred dollars." The shopper who was "just looking" wearied the shopkeepers; the typical case described by the poet Martial is male! Here, too, will be found answers to such questions as: why did the Prodigal Son mention a hired servant in his father's house as worse off than a slave; why did a Roman writer fix upon early afternoon as proper time for a ghost story; why were the Christians persecuted; what institutions furnished the advantages that our athletic clubs afford for their members?

"Modern theories of education, which have narrowed the stream of classical instruction only to deepen its channel and quicken its current, have caused more stress to be laid upon the points of contact between the ancient and the modern world," wrote Professor Johnston in his introduction to "The Private Life of the Romans." No book could be more successful in revealing such points of contact. No book could better prove the true value of classical education.

Italian Sketches

THE DONKEY OF GOD. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

A SERIES of simple tales of Italian cities in which each story is shaped both in the mood and the history of its setting make Mr. Untermeyer's book a travel book which should seize and hold the imagination of children. Adults, however, particularly those obnoxious adults who have a personal love for Italy, will find this book one written not by Louis Untermeyer as poet but by Louis Untermeyer as the conventional traveler, seeing cheerfully the advertised marvels and the conventionalized spirits of the Italian towns.

Italy, as Mr. Untermeyer writes it, is beautiful as a place; Italy is colorful as a history; but poet Untermeyer finds there in this book no fresh quality of strangeness added to beauty. His mystery is familiar. He himself knows it too well. As he wrote this book, he was cheerful and observant but he was not deeply stirred.

This unpoetic quality is particularly noticeable in the name tale of the volume, the story of the donkey of the Garden of Eden who bore his punishment for laughing at God's supreme creation with so much fine humility that at last, like St. Francis, he was exalted by the Christ with the stigmata of the cross: the cross of velvet black in the markings on the backs of the little Sardinian donkeys like those which Mr. Untermeyer brought back to breed on his Adirondack farm. Here is a fine poetic conception, but it is told too swiftly and without deep feeling for either the mysterious power of humility or the miracle of the stigmata.

The best tale in the book is the little Cinderella story of the Sienese boy who rides upon a plug horse, mysteriously changed to the shining Pegasus, to win that famous Sienese race, the *palio*. But each important Italian town has its tale. There are stories of the faithful dog and the blind boy of Pompeii, of Virgil's castle that came out of an egg in Naples, of the sick schoolboy in Pæstum who in another, earlier life was an acolyte in the Temple of Hercules, of wicked tyrants, of poisons, and of brave conspirators in Florence, of a fisher girl who saved a Princess in Venice, and of a bold robber in Rome who failed to steal the wood of the true cross but who won it by good deeds. There is a childlike simplicity to recommend all of them save the lurid melodrama of Florence.

Woven into these stories and in the passages between them are numerous other shorter stories taken from the legends of Italy and the legends of Christianty. In these passages, particularly, the reader has a constant feeling that Mr. Untermeyer is depending, as he writes his prose, more upon his guide books than upon his muse. Occasionally he colors his writing with a humor too close to the quality of the American wisecrack. Nevertheless in his tales and in his descriptions of the Italy he visited, Mr. Untermeyer gives one of the best swift views yet written of the Italian towns and the conventional ideas of the spirits behind them. The book, dedicated to Mr. Untermeyer's sons, is perhaps intended to be no more than the record of a poet, on a holiday from poetry, telling light, amusing stories to his children. As such it is an excellent book and no reviewer who worships Italy and expects a poem out of every Italian stone ought to take exception to it.

The book is illustrated with page drawings and end pieces by James MacDonald.

Superb Photographs

THE PICTURE BOOK OF ANIMALS. Selected and translated by ISABEL ELY LORD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAZEL L. MULLER
American Museum of Natural History

FROM the jolly frontispiece of a smiling crocodile to the baby puma gazing in soft farewell from the last page, "The Picture Book of Animals" is an entertaining procession of all kinds of creatures from various parts of the world. The 150 superb photographs in this collection, first published in the magazine *Das Tier*, again prove the Germans leaders in photography. The selection and arrangement by Isabel Ely Lord is admirable, ranging, in general, from the more to the less familiar animals. Domestic pets such as the cat, the dog, and the horse are followed by birds, reptiles, and creatures of the sea, until at last we come to the exotic koala, the camel, zebra, and others.

The purpose of the book is frankly to amuse and entertain rather than to instruct. However, one could wish the captions less superficial and inaccurate. One cannot but regret that Miss Lord has failed to improve so many excellent opportunities to administer small, sugar-coated doses of natural history. A wide-awake three-year-old's insistent "What kind of a dog is it?" or "What's the birdie's name?" are not to be satisfied with evasive answers of "a dog" or "a bird," as this reviewer has found to her chagrin, and to avoid humiliation mature readers are advised to supplement the meager information supplied in many of the titles before venturing through the book with a young nature student.

We are told that "parrots live to be very, very old," but no hint is given as to the approximate number of years in a parrot's lifetime. The kingfisher is described as beautifully colored, but is it red, yellow, green, or blue? And surely any child would love to learn the entrancing Mother Goose-like name of the kittiwake gulls, referred to on page 41 merely as "birds"! In some cases there are actual misstatements. The reed warbler is identified as the wood rail, and we are told that the beaver uses his tail "as a sort of trowel," which statement is entirely erroneous. Elephants, highly organized and intelligent animals, are called "primitive," while the surprising statement is made that a gorilla is "no longer an animal"!

But the unusual appeal of the pictures makes one hesitate to be critical. No lover of animals should miss, for instance, the exquisite picture of the mother cow gently nuzzing her calf, or of the porcupine resplendent in her quills following her inquisitive offspring; of the tender doe and her fawn; or of the mother and baby koala.

Isa Glenn's

brilliant new novel of a great beauty whose genius kept her out of Eden, has just been published . .

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Even in ancient Rome the candidates for public office went around soliciting votes. This activity was denoted by the word *ambitio* "a going around" especially applied to candidates for office in Rome who went around to solicit votes. *Ambitio* was derived from *ambire* "to go about," which in turn was formed from *ambi*, in the sense of "about" and *ire* "to go." Since this activity indicated a desire for honor or power, the word *ambitio*, came to mean the desire for official honors. This word and its meaning were taken into French and then English as *ambition*, but its meaning later broadened to denote the earnest desire for achievement of any kind. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

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Make Shelfroom

J. M. BOWLES'S delightful notes "On the Early Work of Bruce Rogers" in the latest *Colophon* disclose the interesting fact that among the master designer's earliest professional activities was "some 'art work' for the annual report of his railway, the M. K. & T." "His" railway was actually his brother's. B. R. was employed as an office boy in the Katy's Parsons, Kansas, headquarters, at $60 a month, which seems like a lot of money for the time, the place, and the duties assigned.

But B. R.'s railroad contacts included more than the art-editorship of the Katy alone. "He . . . designed a mark for the Texas Pacific" Mr. Bowles continues, "a big diamond which was painted on all their cars. Here is a new item for the B. R. collector—a freight car."

There are considerations implicit in the suggestion that may well give one pause. A freight car is difficult to mislay and offers scant temptation to the thief, either casual or professional. It requires no slipcase; it can be left out in any weather—the worse, in fact, the better. For here is one collector's item that must become a definite object of suspicion if in mint condition. If it be newly painted, its journals freshly wadded, its couplings adequately greased, its airhose vulcanized, then how shall one know that it is not actually a 1918 Bangor and Aroostook with new endpapers and skilful repairs to backstrip?

At least one long-time admirer of B. R.'s craftsmanship is already in active pursuit, through the proper official channels, of this early item with a twofold object in view. He wants the car as an authentic Rogersosity, and he wants to equip it inside to shelter the rest of his B. R. collection. A friend has already protested that this would be in the nature of a sacrilege, like the gouging out of odd volumes of Racine and Montesquieu to make cigarette boxes, which does not seem to be a valid parallel. J. T. W.

Bibliophobia Perennis

THE FEAR OF BOOKS. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $7.50.

The anatomist of bibliomania here assembles a series—many series—of collated notes that represent something more than the by-product of his earlier and bulkier researches. "This book," declares its compiler, "is complete in itself, but I like to think of it as a part of its predecessor." Such a part it assuredly is, but its specialized field—one of the most engrossing in all book lore—is of sufficient importance to deserve just such distinct and often technical consideration as Mr. Jackson bestows upon it.

One envisages Mr. Jackson as a gentleman all of whose pockets are abulge with 3 x 5 cards and pencil stubs—as a walking index non-expurgatorius of deftly chosen allusions that jostle each other about as he walks home from the British Museum and produce for him, by the time he gains his threshold, one complete chapter per pocket. There is a facile legerdemain in the Jacksonian method that permits the reader to ignore (as art and magic should) the craftsmanship behind the edifice.

There is much, inevitably, of censorship and its manifestations in this new treatise (though one regrets to detect Mr. Jackson attributing "Replenishing Jessica" to Arthur Garfield Hayes). There is a related "Digression of Aphrodisiacs." and a peep into "The Locked Cupboard"—the repository of that furtive literature which contrives to maintain, through no very recondite channels, a lusty circulation. "It is a curious fact," Mr. Jackson notes, "that the majority of those who enjoy facetiæ are filled with righteous indignation at the thought of the frank and serious treatment of sex by 'advanced' or reformist poets and novelists."

Of special concern and moment to the collector is the section entitled "Women and the Fear of Books." The subheadings define its scope: "Bibliophily a Masculine Passion," "Women Are Jealous of Books," "Book-love contra Matrimony," "Henpecked Bookmen," "A Digression of Women Readers." J. T. W.

The Mohicans

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrations by EDWARD WILSON. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1932.

ILLUSTRATED with spirit and dash: Mr. Wilson is a worthy successor to Howard Pyle and Maxfield Parrish, and carries on their excellent tradition without imitation. One of the most successful illustrated books of recent years. The type is an excellent face, and the book is well printed by Will Ransom at Leo Hart's in Rochester. The present reviewer's objections are: paper page too big for handy reading or for the type size; type pages lack design—they look bleak. The binding is stout and "indiany." Should have been a good edition both typographically and pictorially: as it turns out, the latter element only is entirely commendable. R.

Ancient Mariner

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. Eugene, Oregon: The John Henry Nash Fine Arts Press. 1932.

AS an example of the work of students in Typography (alas, the capital "T") at the University of Oregon, this work is commendable as good type setting and good presswork. It would have been better design to stick to traditional placing of the side notes. And is it impertinent to suggest to schools of printing that there is usually domestic manuscript material which would make valuable books and relieve the strain on the much-overprinted classics? Must it be said again? this kind of printing is very well machined indeed, but it somehow hasn't a soul. R.

PHILOBIBLON. Fifth Year, Numbers 4, 5, and 6. Vienna: Reichner. 1932.

THIS compact, carefully printed periodical devoted to the printing and book-collecting activities of Europe and America, comes to hand regularly. It is mainly literary in its interests, with a catholic appreciation of library and bibliographical news, but it also deals intelligently with the major typographic events here as well as abroad.

Recent numbers have contained material about Goethe, illustrations and notes on the extremely interesting new modernistic building for the Swiss National Library at Berne, modern erotic illustrations, etc.

The news of book clubs and the records of auction sale prices are of great value, and are surprisingly timely. Altogether, in manner as well as matter, it is a pleasure to see so well gotten up a magazine. R.

THE COLOPHON, A BOOK COLLECTORS' QUARTERLY. Part 10, New York. 1932.

THE contents, and one reader's reaction: "First Book," Robinson Jeffers—thin; jerky printing. "The Beowolf Codex," Stanley Rypins—scholarly account of Cotton MS. in British Museum; well printed, good reproduction. "An Alcove for Alienists," Walter H. Blumenthal—apparently printed in one; but interesting reading. "Ex Libris Vitæ," James Larwood—about Treat's bookshop in Atlanta; well printed. "Harbor Study," Jeannette Griffiths—photogravure from camera study; a little below par. "On Punch Cutting and Wood Cutting," Rudolph Koch and Fritz Kredel—good dope by masters; Klingspor printing. "Bentley's Standard Novel Series," Michael Sadlier—*précis* and checklist; sound Scottish printing. "The Chap Book," Earnest Elmo Calkins—exasperatingly inaccurate. "One Fine Morning," Max Beerbohm—cartoon of literary celebrities of 1918. "The Scythian Wonder," Lucy E. Osborne—'the vegetable lamb of Tartary" shorn of its mystery; well printed. R.

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. . . "I have tried to read seven or eight of ———'s books, and I can't get through them at all."

In this candid way Don Marquis remarks next week on the difficulty he finds in reading the works of a famous contemporary novelist.

Who this novelist is, and why Mr. Marquis finds him unreadable, you may learn in

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of October 15th

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

SO much curiosity has been shown regarding the identity of this department's Special Correspondent W. S. H. that Old Quercus publishes this week Willy Pogany's brilliant portrait of Mr. H. It is a conscientious likeness.

Every now and then, grieved by his ineffectiveness as a writer of advertising copy, Poor Old Quercus desists from labor. Judge then of his pleasure when Mr. Harold Hengist writes that he has missed the advertisements about Mermaids. He says:

> Our researches disclose that the last of your fiscal, dotted line advertisements appeared Jan. 30, 1932. Although three-fifty ("gold standard") departed from my trusting care every time those sirens showed their faces, I still consider it cruelty to keep your mermaids in pasture so long. It is not good for their flippers and their fins will surely become flaccid from lack of exercise. Will you kindly give the mermaster a severe dressing (up or down as required), and have him pilot his seductive crew across the pages again.

Old Quercus, concerned in making his Equinoctial Survey of the book trade, had somewhat neglected the problems of the Mermaids. Perhaps they were a little piqued by this: he noticed one of them poring over a document which proved to be a *Color Harmony Make-Up Chart* from Max Factor, the cosmetic engineer of Hollywood. She had written to M. Factor for advice. M. Factor very kindly sent her an Outline of Science for practising Mermaids. "You'll marvel," he wrote, "that make-up alone could give you such new beauty and glorious coloring, such charm and fascination." According to Mr. Factor's chart, this is what a moderate brunette Mermaid needs:

i. Powder Foundation
ii. Rachelle Face Powder
iii. Raspberry Rouge
iv. Super-Indelible Lipstick
v. Gray Eye-Shadow
vi. Black Eyebrow Pencil
vii. Make-Up Blender
viii. Cleansing Cream
ix. Liquid Brillox
x. Face Powder Brush

All this is only valid until 5 p. m., when one begins all over again, from the Foundation.

Now that the theatre season is in full swing, I like to recur again to Cleon Throckmorton's *Catalog of the Theatre*, a mail-order thesaurus indispensable to all amateur producers. One of the most alluring passages in literature is the following, Mr. Throckmorton speaking:

> There is scarcely an effect or illusion required on the stage that we have not handled. Whether your problem is that of a trick cabinet, fire effect, disappearing illusion, smashed-in house, revolving stairs or complete tornado, we are prepared to handle it with some combination of scenic equipment and lighting apparatus. These effects will be built, rented or sold on request, and a sincere effort made to adapt them to your stage restrictions.
>
> Wind machines, apparatus for rain, hail, thunder, lighting, sea-waves, horses hoofs, conflagrations, firelight, fireplace coals, moving clouds, and quick set changes; transparencies, fade-outs and fade-ins; paint and easily attached instruments for the new and startling ultra-violet effects in all colors;—in fact, any effect known to the modern stage may be procured through this studio.

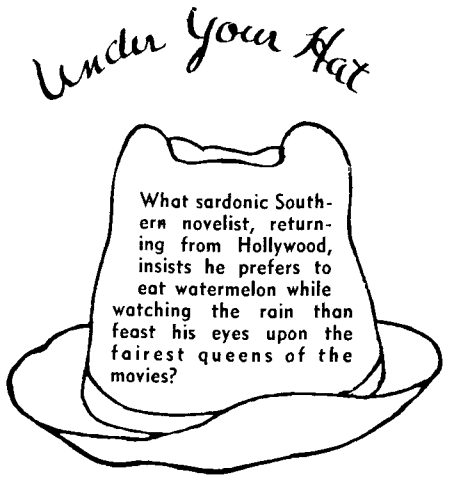
A book of distinguished importance, involving the use of the mind at full stretch, is Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Selected Essays* (Harcourt, $3.50.) In the essay on "The Function of Criticism" Mr. Eliot remarks "Most of our critics are occupied in labor of obnubilation; in reconciling, in hushing up, in patting down, in squeezing in, in glazing over, in concocting pleasant sedatives." That was written, I think, with British criticism in mind rather than American. It checks well with Mr. Canby's shrewd editorial in this *Review*, issue of Sept. 24.

W. S. H., BY WILLY POGANY

☞ The ideal Christmas present for a man who wants to get ready for the eventual return of the palate, who is weary of cocktail and gin, will be the delightful Mr. Warner Allen's *The Romance of Wine* (Dutton.) ☞ Ike Mendoza, the veteran bookseller of Ann Street, tells us that his favorite French restaurant (the Goldhill, cor. Nassau and Frankfort Sts.) is run by one Italian, one Dutchman, one Swiss, and one Czecho-Slovak. They are all old Mouquin alumni. ☞ One of the problems of The Mermaids was to find two or three books which could be put out on the table of the SATURDAY REVIEW's minute reception parlor—and not be swiped by visitors. After years of experiment they found two books which have remained there nearly three years. The volumes are *Morning Light* and *From Immigrant to Inventor.*

☞ A collector of H. M. Tomlinson was enchanted to find, in the window of Trigger's curio shop on 49th Street just W. of Broadway, one of the gruesome shrunken Amazon heads described by H. M. T. in *The Sea and the Jungle*, with a long editorial from the Manchester *Guardian* pasted on the pane. He says he intends to buy it if he can smuggle it into his home without his wife's knowledge. ☞ One of the elevator boys at 25 West 45th is a regular contributor to our much-admired weekly contemporary, *The Commonweal.* ☞ Our new contributor, Mr. Don Marquis, was delighted to hear that at Munsey Park, L. I., on the Northern Boulevard, is the *Kakkerlak Café.* Kakkerlak is the Dutch word for cockroach; this is a little joke by Mr. Harteveld, the proprietor, who had to evict numerous blattidae who had been encouraged by the previous tenant. ☞ Letter received from a publisher, accompanying a book for review: "I have confidence that you can come to a proper conclusion and that you will treat this book in the way it should be treated." ☞ Mermaid M. has been chuckling over *Virgins in Cellophane* but voices a note of caution: "I hope people who read this book won't get the idea that all stenographers go to parties with the people they meet in business. . . . However" (she adds) "no matter how you slice it, they're all looking for a man in one form or another."

Under Your Hat


What sardonic Southern novelist, returning from Hollywood, insists he prefers to eat watermelon while watching the rain than feast his eyes upon the fairest queens of the movies?

NOTES FROM MERMAID B. E.

Miss Charlotte Boardman Rogers, 16 E. 96th, humorously combines Books and Dog-Trousseau. "Sweaters for chilly mornings," says her card; "Tailored Coats for motoring, Muzzles for canine comfort; Collars, Leashes, Harness, Baskets. Book Binding." A very attractive basement shop, with antique furniture, an intelligent selection of books and sophisticated knick-knacks. She deplores that she cannot sell copies of the *Saturday Review* because an iron-clad landlord forbids it in the lease. Mr. Gissing would love this shop.

In spite of its name, The Rip Van Winkle Bookshop, at 240 East 22nd Street, New York, is exceedingly new. Its little red sign swinging in the breeze lends a frivolous note to the dignity of its stone habitation, and proclaims that the days of First Avenue's self-effacement are on the wane. At present, the shop consists mostly of a rental library of books displayed on gay red shelves (even the front door is red, with a brass knocker) and a small stock of the more attractive illustrated juveniles, but it has aspirations. It advertises as part of its service that any book desired may be obtained through Rip Van Winkle within three hours (while you are at Lunch). It has a special tea party every Thursday from four to six, when Mrs. Ida E. Fullarton, the owner, dispenses tea and —we hope—books.

The series of Short Biographies, started in London by Peter Davies, Ltd., and published over here by Appleton, have already made many friends. It was an excellent idea. In the second batch of titles, just issued by Mr. Davies, I look forward especially to *Mark Twain*, by Stephen Leacock.

Another pleasing enterprise announced by Peter Davies is a series of Biographies of Sinners. Probably there will be plenty of material for this Peccadillo Circus: the first two subject chosen are Ivar Kreuger and Cora Pearl.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SIX-MONTHS' square-rigged sailing ship cruise from Boston early November. Christmas in Mediterranean. Thence west African coast stops to Capetown. Returning via St. Helena. No women. Experienced officers. Cost $550 for those willing assist full crew professional sailors. Also limited passenger space. S. T. Henry, Spruce Pine, N. C.

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IS THERE in San Francisco a young man, not too old to dance nor too young to read Rabelais, who can refrain from talking Depression?—Alien Daughter.

SEEKING astute publisher to capitalize on smart 14,000-word parody: "Helen Perry and Oswald Straw — A Non-Compospondence." Contemporary background, personages. No relation to Corey Riddell's similar funny effort. Bids received (I hope) up to the 15th —any month. Address Humorist, c/o *Saturday Review of Literature.*

LET ME do your literary "drudgery": research, typing, etc. Radcliffe A.M. References. Salary essential. M. A. E. S., c/o *Saturday Review.*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

TO the teaching and administrative staff of Bennington College, Vermont, we are glad to note the acquisitions of *Irving Fineman,* author of "This Pure Young Man" and "Lovers Must Learn" (Longmans), who has recently returned from work with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood; and one of our leading poets, *Genevieve Taggard,* who went abroad in 1931 on a Guggenheim Fellowship in poetry. Both are in the Literature Division and will add considerable prestige to the first year of Bennington College. We wish them and the institution the greatest success in this initial year. . . .

The summer number of *The Lyric,* published at Roanoke, Virginia, contained an editorial on *Gamaliel Bradford,* by *Mary Sinton Leitch,* and poems by such outstanding poets as *John Hall Wheelock, Lizette Woodworth Reese, David Morton, Leonora Speyer, Josephine Pinckney,* and *Amanda Benjamin Hall.* Also a particularly individual poem by our old friend, *Robert McBlair,* seems to us well worth quoting:

HANGMAN'S HOLIDAY

The sky is looped with tightening cloud
And purples, choked with rain.
My sheeted bed is like a shroud
Where absent limbs remain.

I'll not go out into the street,
So strange the people stare
Who have no cords about their feet,
No caps upon their hair.

This smoke thins to a shaking line,
The dying flame writhes up.
Why is my bread so pale, my wine
So ruddy in the cup?

Cyril Clemens of the International Mark Twain Society writes us:

> Your readers will be interested to know that the first full grown book to bear the impress of the International Mark Twain Society will be published on November tenth. It is "*Josh Billings:* the Yankee Humorist." The biography will be illustrated by a number of very quaint drawings reproduced from Josh's own books. We feel that old Josh well deserves a resurrection!
>
> On October 20th we shall give American readers their first chance to meet the Finnish Dunsany, *Karin Kyosti,* in a booklet entitled, "A Short Story is a Poem by the Finnish Dunsany."

The entire first edition of the new *Edna St. Vincent Millay* book, "The Princess Marries the Page," which Harper is publishing the nineteenth of this month, has been sold out before publication. There will be no limited edition. . . .

Major Francis Yeats-Brown, author of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and now "The Bloody Years" (Viking), has arrived in this country. He has the distinction of having had both his books chosen by the English Book Society. He has now started West on a lecture tour which will cover many of the largest cities throughout the country. He is lecturing under the auspices of the Affiliated Lecture and Concert Association. . . .

One of the most charming examples of book-making we have recently seen is the presentation by the printing house of Leo Hart, in Rochester, of *Charles Lamb's* famous essay "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig." The Chinese *motif* is carried out in slip-case, paper, and page ornamentation. The illustrations are in brilliant color, and one amusing feature of the double-spread frontispiece and end-piece is the introduction of the likeness of *George Bernard Shaw,* who might well be expected, as an entrenched vegetarian, to look with loathing upon the devourers of roast pig! . . .

Conrad Komorowski of the *New Masses* calls our attention to two poems, one just recently arrived from the Soviet Union and the other written some months ago. He says:

> *Langston Hughes* sent us "Good Morning, Revolution," from the USSR, and not only gave us an excellent poem but at the same time scotched the lies about the dissatisfaction of the Negroes who went there to act in a film. His other poem, "Tom Mooney," we consider a poem which will be famous. . . . Ezra Pound in his "Profile, MCMXXXI," quotes a number of poems from the *New Masses.* Since the *New Masses* represents a certain type of literary and artistic theory, and a certain idealogy, it deserves its place in discussions of such matters.

The October number of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* edited by *Harriet Monroe,* is the Twentieth Birthday Number, with poems mostly by early contributors, such as *Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Arthur Davison Ficke, Witter Bynner, Eunice Tietjens,* etc. There are also editorials by *Ezra Pound* and by four of the associate editors the magazine has had in the course of its existence. . . .

We are glad to hear that *Mrs. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay* is well-established at Mills College, California, where she finds life exceedingly busy and very happy, and that her children are well as never before and full of energy and adventures. . . .

We are delighted to hail a new children's book by *Rachel Field,* author of that children's classic and winner of the Newbery Prize, "Hitty: Her First Hundred Years." Miss Field's new book, "The Bird Began to Sing," illustrated by *Ilse Bischoff,* has just been brought out by William Morrow & Company. Miss Field is a fine artist in her own right, as well as a fine writer, and has written many other notable books for children, as well as a book of poems, "Points East," published in 1930 by Brewer & Warren, which deserves to be widely known. . . .

The Golden Book tells us that when *Lucretia Borgia* took time off between intrigues to get sunburned, she went at it scientifically. Her method, it seems, for benefit of the ladies, was "White of egg and sugar-candy rubbed on the face!" She washed her teeth in a decoction of rosebuds, citron-pips, pine-cones, clay, and wine! She painted her face with mercury sublimate and white lead; which was all right until someone chewed saffron and breathed on her, when she turned bright yellow,—while garlic turned her black! *Baron Corvo* tells us these and other things in a fascinating article. We suppose that when you kissed Lucretia Borgia you got, at the least, arsenic poisoning! . . .

Did you ever hear of anyone putting *Will Rogers* in the position of not being able to get a word in even "aidgways"? *Charles Graves,* "the laureate of pleasure resorts" vouches for the fact that when he introduced Will Rogers to *Bernard Shaw* that is just what happened! At that time Mr. Graves was a columnist on the *London Daily Mail* where he served for four and a half years. His *different* travel book, "Gone Abroad," is published by Dutton. . . .

We knew *Grace Livingston Hill* was a popular writer, but we didn't know, till Lippincott told us, that her total sales have now gone over 1,675,000 copies. Her biggest single sale, "The Enchanted Barn," was 125,000 copies! All of which leaves us floundering and gasping! . . .

On the title-page of "God's Gold: John D. Rockefeller and His Times," by *John T. Flynn,* Harcourt, Brace have placed the design of an open book. On one open page is printed, "The Silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts:" Haggai, Chap. II, Verse 8; and on the other, "God gave me my money:" John D. Rockefeller. . . .

In "Theatre and Friendship: Some Henry James Letters" (Putnam), *Elizabeth Robins* recalls the crossing from New York to London in June 1905 of the *S. S. Ivernia. Henry James* was a passenger, as also was *Walter Berry.* Mr. Berry was a great friend of *Edith Wharton's* and they together had invented a game called "The Adjective Hunt." In this the lady dealer, laid down the latest-written pages of her book. Mr. Berry then sought to pillory every adjective "for whose survival a convincing case could not be made out." But, continues Miss Robins, "devoted as Henry James was to the Duc de Berry—as he used to call him—I cannot imagine Mrs. Wharton's friend, nor any living creature, being allowed to question the value of a single specimen of that other part of speech used so lavishly by Henry James. Clearly, no hand but his would have dared touch one of those mettlesome adverbs, which he drove through the mazes on a rein so easy and with so ingenious a mastery." . . .

We can recommend "Sketches in Criticism" by *Van Wyck Brooks* as a commentary upon American letters of unusual interest. Dutton is publishing it on October thirteenth. And so, adieu!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS AUTHORS about their New Books

A Sonata on the Theme of Human Memory

By MARGARET KENNEDY

. . . "Our memories," said Kerran Annesley, "are at the mercy of our prejudices." We remember what we wish to remember.

A long time ago something happened to Dick and Ellen and Elissa. And because it was very nearly, but not quite, a tragedy, it was buried for twenty-five years. "But what really happened?"

Nobody could tell, because to each person concerned the story had meant something different. To the "family" it was a scandal. To Dick it was a foolish mistake. To Elissa it was an episode of high romance. And to Ellen, so single-hearted that they all thought her supremely subtle, it meant nothing at all. She loved Dick too well to suspect evil of him, so that for her that year of tragedy was only: "the time when I was happy because I was with Dick."

A LONG TIME AGO is a sonata on the theme of human memory: of how we each possess our own past which we can share with nobody else.

No. 1 of a series of statements by the authors of some of this Fall's leading books—now at all bookstores. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

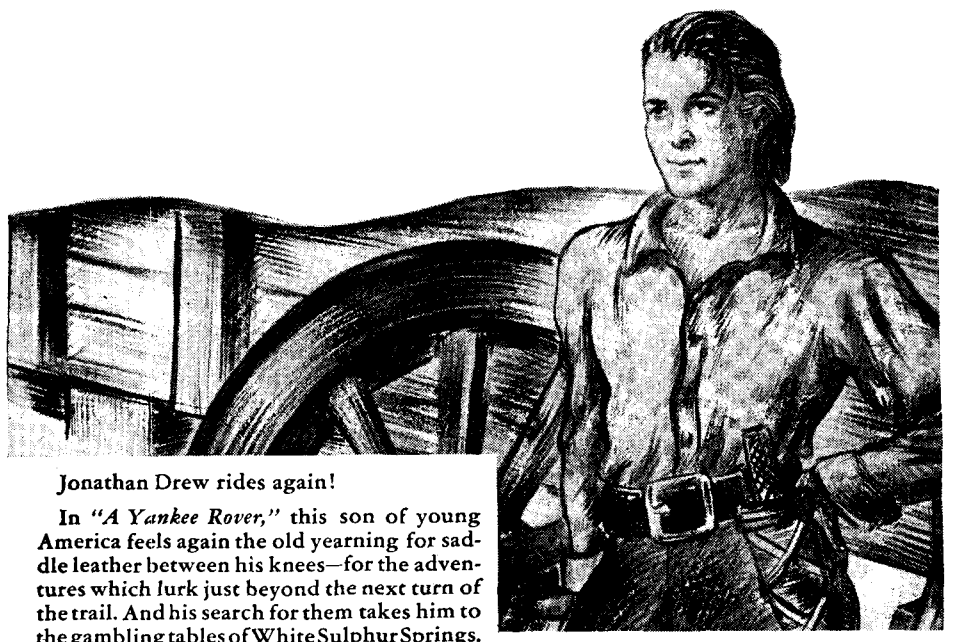
A Garden is a Mistress

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS

No. 2 of a series of statements by the authors of some of this Fall's leading books—now at all bookstores
DOUBLEDAY
DORAN

. . . "A Garden is the only mistress who never fades." I used those words in the foreword to my little book—DOWN THE GARDEN PATH—and they express a very deep and personal conviction. I know that if more young men took to gardening, there would be fewer cocktails drunk, fewer unhappy "affaires," and fewer bitter novels. My little plot of earth has "cleansed my bosom of much perilous stuff." I wish that all this strange tortured generation might learn the same.

Beverley Nichols



Jonathan Drew rides again!

In *"A Yankee Rover,"* this son of young America feels again the old yearning for saddle leather between his knees—for the adventures which lurk just beyond the next turn of the trail. And his search for them takes him to the gambling tables of White Sulphur Springs, Va.; to a ruffian-manned flatboat on the Mississippi; to the Sante Fe trail.

He encounters escaped slaves and Indian chiefs, steamboat captains, gamblers, auctioneers, slave-dealers, bloodhounds and mountain men. His travels are once more a grand tale of high adventure and an authentic, vivid picture of America one hundred years ago, an America seething with the unrest of growth. *Price $2.50.*

GOOD PREDICTING: Reviewing "The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew," *The New York Times Book Review* said, "It does not seem likely that so admirably rolling a stone is to be finished in a single volume. Our guess is that Jonathan will continue on his entertaining way. And we, for one, shall enjoy meeting up with him again."

A YANKEE ROVER
BY CHRISTOPHER WARD

Some Reviews of "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES *of* JONATHAN DREW"

"MR. WARD has caught not only the character but the very flavor of life one hundred years ago."—HARRY HANSEN *in the World Telegram*

"If you read it, and have any salt in your veins, and pulse in your heart, and any feeling for the gaudy history of the most desperately romantic phase of the country's life... you will not rest until you have read the story through." —*Cleveland Press*

"...stuffed and crammed with veracious and interesting American incident... this is certainly a saga, if not an epic of America."
—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY in *The Book-of-the-Month-Club News*

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